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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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ARTHUR WARNER JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FREDA KIRCHWEY MARK VAN DOREN

MANAGING EDITOR LITERARY EDITOR

ISABEL LA MONTE, ADVERTISING MANAGER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

ANATOLE FRANCE JOHN A. HOBSON NORMAN THOMAS

ROBERT HERRICK H. L. MENCKEN CARL VAN DOREN

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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IT WAS NOT LA FOLLETTE who originated the charge of a great Republican slush fund, beginning with $600,000 in Pennsylvania. It was the New York *Times*. Senator La Follette read at Scranton a dispatch from the Washington bureau of the *Times* of October 6, declaring that

> Last week hurried conferences on the subject of finances as well as organization were held by the party leaders here and in New York. Chairman Butler conferred with E. T. Stotesbury, the Philadelphia partner of Morgan and Co., and plans were immediately set afoot in Pennsylvania by W. T. Mellon of Pittsburgh and Joseph R. Grundy of Philadelphia to raise $600,000 in that State for use elsewhere.

Joseph R. Grundy himself supplied evidence. Thousands of copies of a letter bearing his signature were sent out from Philadelphia on October 2, appealing for funds. The letterhead bears the legend "Ways and Means Committee of the Republican National Committee for Pennsylvania (Outside Pittsburgh District), Joseph R. Grundy, chairman-treasurer." (Presumably the Mellons arrange for the money in Pittsburgh.) Edward T. Stotesbury appears on this letterhead as chairman of the executive committee, and on the executive committee are Samuel Vauclain, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works; S. D. Warriner, president of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Co. and leader of the anthracite operators; Bayard Henry, a director of the Pennsylvania Railroad; Ira J. Williams, chairman of the board of the F. H. White Co. and of the Ajax Metal Co.; John Gribbel, director of a score of banks, electricity, gas, and power companies; the Countess de Santa Eulalia, whoever that stalwart Republican may be; and Mrs. Cyrus H. K. Curtis.

A CHORUS OF REPUBLICAN ABUSE greeted La Follette's reading of the *Times* dispatch and the Grundy letter. Denunciation of the Senator was as bitter as the letter itself, which demanded dollars to defeat La Follette and Wheeler, "a Lenine and Trotzky with a formidable band of followers made up of the vicious, ignorant, and discontented element" who would "likely cast millions of votes next November, perhaps enough to defeat the Republican Party." One of the Mellons said the story was "just a lie." Bascom Slemp, the President's postoffice salesman, said it was "pure fabrication." But the New York *Evening Post* blurted out the truth. Cyrus H. K. Curtis owns the *Post*, and the names of his wife and some of the directors of his publishing company appear at the head of the Grundy letter. He ought to know something about it. And this is what his paper says:

> . . . Republicans are now raising money for the defeat of La Folletteism and all its ways and works. La Follette says Pennsylvania will raise $600,000 and New York $1,000,000.
>
> Possibly. Since these are wealthy States, densely populated, and because from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000 usually go into the legitimate expenses of a national campaign, these figures are not alarming. Doubtless they will, as they should, be raised.

The treasurer of the New Jersey Republican State Committee is quoted in the friendly New York *Herald-Tribune* as saying that the 1924 quota of that State is $500,000, $200,000 more than the 1920 quota. Where is the money coming from? How is it used?

MR. HUGHES, who talked until he lost the campaign of 1916, is complaining because this election may be thrown into Congress. Mr. Hughes takes a long leap in logic when he says that "the question is whether the endeavor to defeat the election of a President and to establish minority control of our Government shall succeed." By "defeating the election of a President" Mr. Hughes means merely keeping Calvin Coolidge out of the White House. Mr. Hughes himself does not believe that Mr. Coolidge will have a popular majority at the polls. If Mr. Coolidge were by mischance elected it would be by a minority vote; no one of the three candidates expects an outright popular majority over the two others. If a coalition in Congress should elect either La Follette or Davis in the House, or either Wheeler or Bryan in the Senate, that coalition would represent a popular majority opposed to Coolidge. Even the election of Charles W. Bryan would seem a godsend if it saved the country from four years of Coolidge or Dawes.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, editor of *The Nation*, is at the moment making speeches for La Follette in the West. To him comes a letter from Carl W. Riddick,

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national organizer of the National Republican League, stating that it is addressed to him "after careful inquiry as to party loyalty and individual responsibility," adding:

> Unscrupulous traitors, masquerading as Republicans and widely heralded as Republicans, have aligned themselves with those destructive forces that are now striving to disrupt our form of government and substitute for it the wild-eyed fanaticisms evolved by the insane Reds and Revolutionists of darker-than-ever Russia. . . .The National Republican League is fighting these bush-whacking bandits wherever they may hail from and whoever they may be, but to maintain this holy warfare militantly it must have you and your influence with it. . . . To be a trifle blunt let me say that I hope you will sign the enclosed pledge slip and return it with your check.

The gentleman—or lady—who composed those stirring phrases for Mr. Riddick had a talent for writing, but Mr. Riddick had better hire a new assistant to make "careful inquiry" into the "party loyalty" of those to whom his letters go.

SOMEONE WITH A PREWAR SENSE of the proprieties appears to have been much upset by the discovery that Mr. Thomas Lamont of the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company ventured to write a letter to the diplomats in London advising them what terms to make if they wanted a fat loan made to Germany. Our ambassador extraordinary, Mr. Kellogg, however, apparently succeeded in keeping the letter off the record. Accordingly the letter has been suppressed, though the striking international success of the $200,000,000 loan would indicate that the advice was taken. Why anyone should be indignant in 1924 because a banker advises a statesman in straightforward terms is beyond our understanding. Mr. Lamont represents one of the Great Powers of the world; a note from him is of more importance even than a dissertation on liberty by Mr. Mussolini, and he is likely to be vastly better informed. The House of Morgan is more than American, it is an international power, with alliances in England and elsewhere. Its aid has become almost as necessary to a solution of the Franco-German conflict as that of the French Government itself. Indeed, to a degree it controls that Government. Herriot, before he came to power, dared attack the Morgan loan; once in office, he set about renewing it. When "the League" saves Austria or Hungary it is with aid from Mr. Lamont's firm. The Dawes Plan will not become a working reality without its aid. Money rules; and he knows how it rules. His notes are likely to be worth reading.

THAT PROTOCOL prepared at the League Assembly "for the pacific settlement of international disputes" turns out, upon the arrival of the complete text, to be a distressingly long, wordy, and repetitive document. Cautious diplomacy forced the insertion of endless qualifications and verbal compromises. It is, plainly, an attempt to *enforce* peace among the members of the League. The complicated machinery utilized, in which the Council of the League plays a dominant part, is not such as will facilitate the participation of non-members of the League; and they are not invited to join in this mutual-security pact. They are, however, invited to attend a new international conference for the reduction of armaments to be called next June if a sufficient number of states meanwhile ratify the protocol. The United States is not likely to sign any such document as this; but if discussion of this protocol leads to a concrete program of international disarmament this country cannot stand aloof.

GERMANY IS SLOWLY EMERGING from a prolonged political crisis. The elections of May 4 gave the central bloc—which included the Social Democrats, the Democrats, the Centrists (Catholic), and the so-called People's Party, but excluded Communists at the Left and Nationalists and Racialists at the Right—a bare majority. Persistent attempts have been made to force out the Socialists and bring the Nationalists into a governing bourgeois bloc. The Nationalists, however, made that difficult by their refusal as a party to accept the Dawes Plan. When it came, in August, to a vote, they split, enough voting for the enabling laws to give the necessary two-thirds majority. Their entrance into the Cabinet then seemed imminent. The Government announced that Germany did not accept sole responsibility for the war, and that it would so inform the Allies. This announcement was heralded as a victory for the Nationalists. But French, British, and Belgian diplomats in Berlin immediately called at the Foreign Office bearing heavy loads of advice. Marx saw the point; Stresemann still thumped upon the table; but after a partial election in Upper Silesia showed heavy losses for both Nationalist and Communist extremes and a strong tide toward the center parties, moderation won in Berlin too. Stresemann swallowed his anger; the Cabinet remains as it was; and the German Government, apparently in good favor even in Paris, is to be given a front seat among the permanent members of the Council of the League.

RADICH IS BACK—that strange "Gandhi of the Balkans," the powerful peasant leader of Croatia. Radich is undisputed leader in his own country; and he insists upon Croatia's right to republican autonomy within the Serb-Croat-Slovene kingdom. Croatia, he says, has never accepted the federal principle. Regularly, at every election, Croatia has given him an overwhelming majority; and the elected deputies, almost as regularly, have refused to take the oath of allegiance and to sit in Parliament. Pachich, the wily war-time leader of the Serbs, first invited Radich to sit in the Cabinet; then, when he refused, charged Radich with treason—and indeed he had never hesitated to speak his mind, even to urge his followers to refuse military service. Radich defied Pachich for a time, then crossed the border. He talked with Herriot in Paris; he passed months in London; he went to Moscow for several weeks as the guest of the Soviet Government, and took part as delegate of his party in the meetings of the Red Peasants' International. Now, with Pachich out of office, he has returned, and his followers form part of the bloc which maintains the Davidovich Government in office. He still demands the autonomy of the Croatian Republic, and his people still reverence him as no other Balkan statesman is today reverenced. But the Serbs have not forgiven him his taunts, or forgotten that they waged the war as Allies while Croatian legions fought against them.

CHIEF OF POLICE TRACEY of Paterson, New Jersey, has at least called attention to the long-drawn fight of the Paterson strikers organized in the Associated Silk Workers. By threatening to deport as Reds some 235 aliens, by refusing to allow the strikers to assemble and

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then using violence to break up a test meeting before the city hall, by a wildly undiscriminating use of nightsticks and arrests, the chief of police has turned the eyes of the public on a battle that has long gone unnoticed. The silk mills of Paterson have seen many conflicts. The present strike involves a small proportion of the men, organized in an independent union, demanding, primarily, changes in the number of looms tended by each worker. The issue means little to the public; but the struggle transcends its immediate cause. The mayor of Paterson twice attempted a settlement by calling a conference among the workers, the employers, and representatives of the public. The workers met with the mayor, but the employers refused either to discuss the issue or to meet the union. The mayor then washed his hands of the whole business, according to his own announcement; but he took steps, none the less, toward the deportation of the foreign-born workers. Meanwhile the chief of police had closed to strikers the hall where they had met peaceably for many weeks. The Civil Liberties Union organized a test meeting, and the arrests and police brutality followed. A small strike has, through the stubborn pugnacity of the employers and later through the lawless threats and violence of city officials, become a fight for human rights.

WHILE THE NATIONAL CITY BANK informs the public in its September bulletin that "the improvement in business sentiment noted in the latter part of July became more widespread during August and, in the main, has been supported by changes in the industrial situation," the Bureau of Labor Statistics measures more accurately the extent of that improved "sentiment."

> Employment in manufacturing industries in August showed an increase over July of 0.2 per cent. This is the first increase shown in this series of monthly comparisons since March.

An increase of two-tenths of one per cent! Compared with the statistics of August, 1923, there is a "decrease in 1924 of 15 per cent in employment, a decrease of 17.2 per cent in payroll totals, and a decrease of 2.6 per cent in per capita earnings." The Russell Sage Foundation has made public some of its findings of a five-year inquiry into the subject of unemployment. It states that from 10 to 12 per cent of all the workers in the United States are continuously out of employment and that each year from 1,000,000 to 6,000,000 persons are out of work for weeks and sometimes months at a time.

> Widespread unemployment [it says] is now a constant phenomenon, with far reaching economic, social, psychological, and moral bearings.

But the New York *Times* gravely assures us that the problem is not really serious until there are "six million workers without jobs, or nearly 20 per cent of the country's wage-earners."

BREAD AND CLOTHES, milk and money—these unofficial diplomats which America has sent into Germany have, more than anything else, helped to offset the efforts of official diplomacy and to establish relations of friendliness between the two peoples. In America at least the active aid to Germany has created good feeling; it is almost impossible to hate a people you are helping. Only recently a new effort has been organized in this country which consciously combines the purposes of relief and internationalism. A Christmas Ship of Friendship is being fitted and loaded with food and clothing and sent to Germany as an expression of friendship from "the women of America." Actually the group that is sending it and appealing for help is made up of women well known for their fine spirit of international good-will during the hard years that have passed. They recognize the need for more effort during the coming winter particularly for that "large group of self-respecting people in Germany whose pride has prevented them from receiving the aid that they desperately need." (Recent figures report 40 per cent of all German school children still undernourished.) The cargo of the Ship of Friendship will be distributed through the German churches. Money should be sent to the Women's Church Committee, 105 East 22nd Street, New York; gifts of used clothes are being packed at 1521 Cherry Street, Philadelphia.

JOHN GOLDEN sends us a circular letter in which he ingeniously reveals both the goodness of his heart and the fact that he regards playwriting only as a legitimate and very profitable business. Having, so he confides, become prosperous, he wishes to express his gratitude to the Theater; but he can think of no plan better than one "to help others profit in the same way" that he has done. Accordingly he has set aside $100,000 to finance a nation-wide play contest and obtained the services of one hundred and ninety-two editors and critics to read the trainloads of manuscripts submitted. It would be difficult to find any document more completely the product of all the combined illusions of the marketplace than the little pamphlet which he has issued to explain the plan and aims of the contest: Since playwriting is regarded as an honorable trade there are certain negative conditions. The plays must, for example, be "clean" and they must not contain anything "of a salacious or sex nature"; but aside from this the only recognized criterion of success is the box-office returns. Mr. Golden hopes to confer upon us no blessing greater than another "Turn to the Right" or "Thank U." His motives are the best, but we very much fear that from the mountain of manuscripts produced only a mouse of a play will emerge—even if, by a stroke of luck, it manages to be one which, like some of his own pieces, will roar like a lion on Broadway.

EVEN NEW YORKERS cheered when the Senators won. They were getting a bit bored with pennants, after three years in which the world's series had been fought out between two New York teams. More than that, most New Yorkers are fresh-water-born, and even when they have learned to love the subway they still hide somewhere within themselves that jealousy of the nation's greatest city which makes the whole country root for the other side whenever New York's honor is at stake. Washington *had* to win this year to prove the romance of baseball. Not the scandal of greedy players alone but the disillusioning fact that the city of the greatest gate receipts had seemed able by sheer power of money to command the ablest teams worked against sympathy with the Gothamites. "Muggsy" McGraw has been putting too much science in baseball for too many decades; the fans were sick of his science. In the triumph of "Bucky" Harris, the boy player-manager, and of Walter Johnson, the dogged veteran who had played eighteen years of major-league baseball waiting for his world's series, they found what they needed to restore their faith in the great American game.

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Ramsay MacDonald's Achievement

RAMSAY MACDONALD governed, but he never ruled. England's first Labor Government held office by permission of the Liberal Party, for the general election of December, 1923, produced a House of Commons without a majority. Labor took the helm because the Liberals preferred to support it rather than the Tories. MacDonald had to work with a House composed of

257 Conservatives,
192 Laborites,
158 Liberals,
5 Independents,
3 Nationalists and Sinn Feiners.

From the start, therefore, the Labor Government was hobbled. It knew that it could adopt no strictly Labor measures against the united Liberal and Conservative parties. England, putting it in office, was trying a cautious experiment, testing Labor's fitness to govern.

Labor has been tried for nine months—and not found wanting. Its is a record of accomplishment, with some mistakes and omissions, but an amazingly impressive record for so short a term in office. Let us summarize it:

Foreign Policy. 1. It has restored the atmosphere of peace to Europe. When it came in Poincaré was shrieking at Germany, throttling her with his grip upon the Ruhr. It is Ramsay MacDonald's accomplishment that France and Germany have begun to think as neighbors with common interests to work out, instead of as enemies. He began by astonishing Poincaré with his determined friendliness. He leaves office with the Franco-British breach largely healed, the Dawes Plan accepted on both sides of the Rhine, evacuation by the French troops begun, and Germany's admission into the League on a parity with France and England agreed upon. This is a massive achievement which already ranks MacDonald as one of England's great foreign ministers.

2. The Labor Government recognized Russia without conditions and then proceeded to negotiate a detailed treaty. The Russians recognized the claims of British holders of Russian bonds and agreed to further negotiations on the terms of settlement. The British Government promised that, following the signing of a second treaty embodying these terms, it would support a loan to enable Russia to meet her obligations. The present treaty also facilitates British trade with Russia and gives the British fishing fleet privileges in Russian waters.

3. Ramsay MacDonald opened the Fifth Assembly of the League of Nations in Geneva with an insistent plea for universal arbitration as the path to disarmament, and his determination was responsible for the calling of a world-wide disarmament conference.

Imperial Policy. 1. Imperial preference in tariff duties was abolished.

2. The Labor Government honorably insisted upon carrying out the pledge made to the Irish Free State in the 1921 treaty to appoint commissioners to negotiate a readjustment of the Ulster frontier. In forcing this measure through against bitter Die-Hard opposition Labor had warm Liberal support.

3. Immediately upon assuming office Ramsay MacDonald warned India that "no party in Britain will be cowed by threats of force or by policies designed to bring the Government to a standstill"; and during his term in office the Indian question has remained in suspense.

4. No progress has been made toward settlement of the questions reserved for later settlement when the British protectorate was withdrawn from Egypt in 1922. Labor has been as insistent as its predecessors upon retaining control of the Sudan and maintaining its troops in Egypt.

5. In general, Labor has made small change in imperial policy. Mr. Leach, the Under Secretary for Air, in admitting that bombing airplanes were still employed against the natives in Irak, declared: "I cannot honestly say that we have made any change in the policy of the late Government."

Domestic Policy. 1. The army and navy estimates were cut £10,000,000 in a total of more than £100,000,000; the project of constructing a great naval base at Singapore was dropped; the plan to build five new cruisers was continued, despite the opposition of the Liberals, partly as a measure against unemployment.

2. Mr. Snowden's budget abolished almost all the remnants of war-time protection; the McKenna duties on automobiles, musical instruments, clocks, and cinema film were dropped, and the food duties—on sugar, tea, coffee, cocoa, dried fruits, etc.—were cut in half or more.

3. A comprehensive education program was announced, including restoration of the national university scholarships abolished by the preceding Ministry.

4. A large-scale housing program, providing for state subsidization of the construction of 2,500,000 houses in fifteen years, was introduced; and the unemployment and old-age insurance schedules were liberalized.

5. The capital-levy plan was virtually dropped, there being no possibility of its adoption; a mines-nationalization bill was presented to Parliament, with full realization that it would be defeated.

That is the major part of the record of the Labor Government in its nine months of office. The Government fell on a question of minor importance, a hostile resolution for an inquiry into its conduct in dropping prosecution of a Communist charged with sedition. This was the occasion, not the reason, for the end. After the nine-months' truce politicians like Lloyd George and Winston Churchill were eagerly straining at the leash, longing for another battle at the polls.

How will Britain vote on October 29? The prophets foretell a gain for both Labor and the Conservatives at the expense of the Liberals—unless the Tories and Liberals join forces where Labor won three-cornered contests a year ago. Labor's progress for a quarter century has been stirring; it has made this amazing record:

Election of	Seats in Parliament	Total Vote
1900	2	62,698
1906	29	323,195
1910 (January)	40	505,690
1910 (December)	42	370,802
1918	57	2,244,945
1922	142	4,236,733
1923	192	4,348,379

Even so, Labor's last vote represented only a third of the electorate; it cannot expect at one leap to reach a majority. But England's electors must recognize the luster of

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Labor's record as contrasted with the dulness of Bonar Law and Baldwin and the shifty insincerity of Lloyd George. It has given other peoples as well a new confidence in Labor's capacity to govern. To the disillusioned post-war world it brought the first promise of dawn.

Mr. Fosdick and the Presbyterians

BACK of the widespread interest in Dr. Fosdick and his relations to the Presbyterian Church is something more than the usual human interest in a conflict. There is a deeper human interest in religion to which Mr. Fosdick has appealed to a quite unusual degree.

Harry Fosdick, a Baptist clergyman, as the regular preacher in the First Presbyterian Church of New York illustrated a practical kind of church unity. His ministry was most acceptable to the church and his eloquence attracted larger audiences than could be seated in the pews. This satisfactory arrangement might have lasted indefinitely had not Mr. Fosdick's modernism drawn the fire of both Baptist and Presbyterian Fundamentalists. The New York Presbytery refused to act against Mr. Fosdick, but last May the General Assembly, which is the highest court of the Presbyterian Church, fell under control of the Fundamentalists. Having captured the machinery of the Assembly they found constitutional difficulties in the way of the immediate drastic action some of their leaders had threatened. This reason, combined with the impressive defense of Mr. Fosdick offered by the New York Presbytery and his own high reputation, brought it to pass that those who had come to throw him out of the church ended by asking him formally to enter its ministry. Thus, they felt, they might put him under discipline.

Mr. Fosdick himself, as a Baptist, had never made any such creedal profession as is required of Presbyterian clergymen. On principle he was opposed not so much to the Presbyterian standards as to formal subscription to any ancient creed. As a man of honor he naturally felt a peculiar reluctance to swallow his objections in order to hold his pulpit. This position he has frankly and courteously made clear to his church and to the New York Presbytery. The Presbytery left the initiative to the First Church, and the church will give him up with great reluctance. But since Mr. Fosdick will not consent to become the center of a church quarrel it is virtually certain that his eloquence will no longer draw great crowds to the beautiful old First Church, and a valuable experiment in church unity will be at an end.

The situation goes beyond praise or blame of individuals. There is a logical case for the Fundamentalists in insisting that ancient creeds mean what to the plain man they seem to say, and that too free or symbolic an interpretation of them threatens intellectual integrity. There is also certainly a case for Mr. Fosdick's refusal to bind himself by a creed; for him to do so would be to fall short of his highest convictions. At the bottom of this whole tangle is a question far wider than the Presbyterian denomination. It is the question of the essential nature of Christianity and the place in it of time-honored creeds. On that question good men will continue to differ. But even Fundamentalists, as also those who find even Mr. Fosdick's free-spirited religion no adequate solution to the mysteries of life, will unite in the desire that his message of hope and comfort may be heard regularly in one of the pulpits of New York where are so many eager seekers after the truth that shall make us free.

Pedagogues in Revolt

NEW YORK CITY'S school authorities did not welcome the proposal of the Teachers Union that an experimental school be established within the public school system. The Board of Superintendents and the Board of Education decided that the proposed school would be contrary to law. No opinion was expressed by the board members as to the importance of the plan or as to the possibility of a change in the law.

This kind of quibbling and evasion of fundamental educational issues is only natural. It has become increasingly clear within recent years that those in charge of our schools are less interested in education than in administering the educational machine. Problems of school financing, salary schedules, statistics of grading and promotion, building programs, part- or full-time instruction, and more recently the bright discoveries of innumerable scale-makers and standardizers—these are the familiar and natural objects of interest and discussion wherever school men foregather to decide upon school policy. The administrator-politician has become adept in shutting off all discussion of theories of education. Current educational controversy has to do with appointments, or with propaganda to be introduced into the schools. As an instance of the latter, witness the effort of the United States Bureau of Education to help the American Legion turn National Education Week into a wholesale heresy-hunting junket.

But the growing amount of space given in press and periodicals to the "new schools" is evidence of a changing public sentiment. The increase in prestige and influence of such organizations as the Teachers Union shows that the workers within the ranks are also caught with the spirit of revolt. Seasoned old-timers of the classroom, inured to years of dragooning children through the preordained intricacies of the course of study, nodded approvingly when at a recent conference called by the union and its auxiliary Mrs. Marietta Johnson urged the banishment of school desks from the school-room and the postponement of formal work in the three R's to a much later period. It is this new social consciousness which may be counted upon to invade the administrator-dominated school system and eventually make its way through the teachers to the seat of power. Ultimately, even so radical a proposal as a free experimental school in a public-school system will be seriously entertained.

The Teachers Union with refreshing candor is outlining the problems to be met before experimental schools can be established with success. First, there will be the cost of such schools, which must necessarily be greater than that of the conventional sort; second, the scarcity of teachers intelligent and resourceful enough for so elastic a type of education; third, the static attitude of the members of educational supervising staffs; fourth, the probably organic connection between the creative activity movement in education and the evolution of a new social order. The Union had best tread softly on this latter point. If the schools should develop in children initiative or creative intelligence, where in a decade or two would the pedagogue-politician look for a job?

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Anatole France

IT is a rare thing in any age for a man to be accepted as "the world's greatest living man of letters." Yet who was there to dispute that distinction with Anatole France? Shaw or Hardy? Gorky or Brandes or Hauptmann? Anatole France stood alone; and part of his eminence was due to the fact that he was so much more than a "man of letters." What he wrote of Chateaubriand might be written of himself: "The subtlety of the thought never disturbs the simplicity of the style. Nothing reveals the man of letters, which is a delight." Critic, historian, philosopher, novelist, he believed that "criticism, like philosophy and history, is a kind of novel for the use of discreet and curious minds; and every novel, rightly speaking, is an autobiography. The good critic is he who relates the adventures of his soul among masterpieces." The autobiography of Anatole France, the adventures of his soul among masterpieces and mediocrities, recorded in twoscore volumes, were great adventures.

His father was a bookseller, the son of an Anjou shoemaker; his mother was of bourgeois Flemish extraction. This father, François Noël Thibault—the son adopted his father's nickname as a surname when writing—had learned to read and write after he was twenty, while serving in King Charles's army; but he made himself a scholar, and the shop in which Anatole grew up was a center for an ardent group of defenders of a Lost Cause, the cause of the old monarchy. Anatole came to disagree with almost every one of his father's ideas, but he had learned from him not to run with the mob.

Anatole France seems always to have loved reason, yet known that men must live on illusion. He was young when he wrote: "The works that are least vain were created by those who best saw the vanity of all things. One must pay in sadness and desolation for the pride of having thought." He was old when he wrote: "I love truth. I believe that mankind needs it; but certainly it has still more need of the illusion which flatters it, consoles it, and gives it infinite hopes. Without illusion it would perish of despair and ennui." He was in his middle years when his Abbé Coignard concluded his instruction of Jacques Tournebroche: "Listen to what I tell you, my son. Truths discovered by the mind are sterile. Only the heart can make its dreams flower. It puts life into what it loves. It is feeling which sows the seeds of good in the world. The mind has not that power. . . . If you would serve mankind, put reason aside as a burden, and mount on the wings of enthusiasm. He who thinks will never fly."

So, doubting even his own doubts, he found a happiness denied to those who hope more violently and accordingly suffer more bitter disappointment. Men who believe too much in their own theories of goodness, he saw, do the most harm in the world. "The folly of the Revolution was that it sought to establish goodness on earth. He who seeks to make men good and wise, moderate and generous, inevitably ends wishing to kill them all. Robespierre believed in goodness; he made the Terror." France's mellow skepticism permitted him a rich gusto in living which is seldom combined with so urbane an intelligence. No one ever more perfectly married playfulness to melancholy. Epicurus and Saint Francis of Assisi were his heroes. There was in him an almost Rabelaisian earthiness, an Attic sunniness, a Latin lucidity, and the profound learning combined with creative imagination which are the property of the greatest historians—and he wrote with a perfection of language and cadence which is the despair of the schoolmen.

All the more amazement, therefore, when this skeptic scholar-artist plunged into the furnace of the Dreyfus Affair. It is difficult today to realize the smug bitterness of France a quarter-century ago, when Zola wrote his "J'accuse" and Anatole France, who had been elected to the Academy as safer than an anti-clerical, signed the Protestation des Intellectuels. That long struggle against the intrenched power of army and church convulsed the French Republic. It was as if a Catholic Ku Klux Klan held, undisputed, every office of state; and a handful of radicals set themselves against it. Anatole France left his study to preside at workingmen's meetings, to hail the opening of cooperative stores, to denounce the power of church and army. His polemic speeches and writings alone—apart from the more permanent satire—fill two thick volumes. He never lost this interest in politics. When he was within a few days of seventy-five he came out of his study to march under red flags in the working-class protest against the acquittal of Jaurès's assassin. Visitors to his hillside home in Touraine, dreaming in the peace of his eighteenth-century garden, were amazed to see a sudden flash in the old man's eyes when he turned from literature to politics.

There are contradictions in his writing. His mind was too large and too open not to record contrary moods, and he had not sufficient vanity to care for consistency. "Just as a large country has various climates," he once wrote, "so a generous mind must include numerous contradictions. To tell the truth, those who never contradict themselves frighten me. Being unable to suppose that they are never wrong I fear that they are always wrong, while a mind which does not pride itself on its logic may rediscover the truth."

"Today, as two thousand years ago," he wrote in the preface to "Jeanne d'Arc," "one must, if one wishes to look into the future, study not the powerful of the earth but the confused movements of the working masses." Then follows that magnificent declaration of faith: "I believe in the future union of the peoples, and I call for it with that ardent charity of the human race, which, born in the Latin consciousness in the days of Epictetus and Seneca, extinguished for so many centuries by European barbarism, has flamed again in the hearts of the greatest of modern times. And you will tell me in vain that these are the illusions of dream and aspiration; it is aspiration which creates life, and the future takes pains to realize the dreams of the philosophers." He knew even then, in 1908, that "the terrific industrial and commercial rivalries about us" meant that before the peoples united France would be engulfed in "a European or world conflict." But he dared hope.

Had he lost all hope, fourteen years later, when he wrote that he did not dare dedicate his last book to posterity because "we shall have no more posterity than had the last writers of Latin antiquity, and the new Europe will be too different from the Europe which is dying under our eyes to care for our arts and our thought"?

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The Winning of the West

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Omaha, October 12

MINNESOTA, South Dakota, Nebraska, Iowa—the deeper I penetrate into the Mid-West the brighter seems the outlook for Robert La Follette. I am now certain that if the election were held tomorrow he would carry every one of those States, in addition to North Dakota, Montana, and Washington, which I have not visited. Wherever I have been, save only Kansas, the outlook seems brighter than the political analyses of the various newspapers portray it. Take South Dakota, for instance. Most of the writers have awarded it to Coolidge, and reports received at the La Follette headquarters in Chicago were not encouraging. But when I reached Sioux Falls I was in the company of two correspondents representing Coolidge newspapers. They were immediately told at Republican headquarters that La Follette would carry the State, and I got the impression from the Democratic leaders that they not only expected that result but that many of their followers were going to vote for La Follette in order to help defeat the President.

Not all the La Follette leaders in South Dakota are oversanguine. They are afraid that a good deal of Republican money will reach the State between now and election day and they are worried about the ballot, the form of which may cost La Follette ten thousand votes. There are four columns on this ballot, Republican, Democratic, Farmer-Labor, and Independent, but the La Follette electors do not appear in the Farmer-Labor column. Hence the belief that many simple farmer people will vote for the Farmer-Labor ticket without realizing that a mark in the circle at the head of it will mean that they are voting only for the State ticket and not for President. The La Follette organization, none too effective, and suffering like all the others from lack of funds, must now devote itself to making the electors friendly to La Follette understand the situation and how they must mark the ticket. Still another danger is the Indian vote, which runs to 16,000. The Coolidge Administration is leaving no stone unturned to get that vote. The Indian Commissioner is a native of South Dakota and the report is that the entire Indian Bureau machinery is bringing pressure to bear. The reassuring fact is that neither Mr. Burke nor the Administration is popular with the Indians, and that will in some degree offset the work of the Coolidge "missionaries" who are on duty among our original "Reds."

The encouraging news comes from the country districts in this section. In Ohio it is the farmer who is least converted to the Third Party. Out here the La Follette strength lies in the farming districts as well as in labor circles. Particularly is this true in Nebraska. I see that Arthur Henning of the Chicago *Tribune* writes that the only certain thing in Nebraska is that Senator George W. Norris will be reelected. Well, my belief is that the State is safe for La Follette and that that will be beyond doubt if Norris comes out for his colleague from Wisconsin and if La Follette himself makes a speech or two in Nebraska. It is amazing to me how well La Follette is known to the masses out here. It becomes increasingly plain that we Eastern journalists have had no conception of the way he had earned the regard of great masses in the West even before the war issue made people take notice of him. Some of the Scandinavian farmers in Nebraska and Iowa tell you that they have known about him and his work in Wisconsin for years and have long been hoping for a chance to vote for him. His opposition to the war has particularly endeared him to the masses out here of all races. I have often been taken to task for asserting that if we had had a referendum on the war question in 1917 the Middle West and West would have voted overwhelmingly against going into it. Everywhere I get proof of the correctness of this view. For instance, one hears from La Follette workers that the most popular plank in the Progressive platform today is the one pledging the party to a referendum on any possible war. In this section, as in New York, the heartiest applause comes when the speaker tells the audience that as long as Robert La Follette might be in the White House there would be no war and no drafting of their sons to fight a war abroad at the behest of American and foreign capitalists.

But it is a mistake to believe, as does Simeon Strunsky writing in the New York *Times*, that this pro-La Follette sentiment is merely a desire to wreak at this late day a feeling of spite because we went into the war. The Scandinavian farmers are more outspoken for La Follette than the Germans. Both groups remember the war less because it was a war against Germany than as a period of torture for themselves. Journalists writing from their easy chairs in New York can have no idea of the condition of terror brought about in these States by State Defense Committees to which the government of the States was turned over. These committees were invariably run by big-business lawyers and leaders who set an example of absolute lawlessness that makes the I. W. W. seem like the most earnest supporters of law and order. Men were ordered to travel hundreds of miles from their farms if the slightest rumor of pro-Germanism reached the committees and even if acquitted they were then compelled to subscribe to Liberty bonds or war-saving stamps far beyond their means and powers—and that was the least of what might happen to them. Not even their bank accounts remained inviolate, and no distinction was drawn between Scandinavians and Russians and Germans. These things sank deep. The huge farmer vote for La Follette is going to be, in part, due to them and not to any sympathy with Germany. It is to be a vote for law and order and the decent conduct of our government even in war-time rather than a vote of revenge. One hears in Nebraska the same story I heard told in Minnesota, of the Lutheran clergyman who was asked how his congregation stood on the Presidency. He answered: "Fifty fifty; half of my people will vote for La *Follette* and the other half for La Fo*llette*." Of course the recent distress of the farmer plays its part here, too.

What has Norris done in the Nebraska campaign? To date he has made only one speech and in that he unmercifully flayed the Republican Party and its President. If his attack was not as sensational as Brookhart's it has been quite as effective. He declared, for instance, that relief

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for the farmers was defeated by the lack of interest of Republican Senators, "usually after a conference at the White House." He advocated about everything that La Follete does and he was especially vigorous in condemning both Harding and Coolidge for appointing lame ducks to office and in denouncing the Republican corruption. It is hard to see how he can confine himself to that utterance for the rest of the campaign. An important Republican challenged him to say what he would do if the election should be thrown into Congress and he replied that he would vote in the Senate as his State voted at the election. Finally, in Nebraska as elsewhere, all the human interest lies in the third-party camp. La Follette is a great figure even with those who for party reasons oppose him. Nobody cares about John W. Davis, though he had some fine meetings on his trip to this part of the country. As for Coolidge, who could get enthusiastic about such a personality? Not the Republicans. Most of them admit that frankly. As for Dawes, in South Dakota as in Minnesota, there was universal agreement in all three camps that he was making votes for La Follette, by his attacks upon him and by his refusal to answer questions as to the Lorimer bank scandal.

In Iowa the La Follette forces have every reason to be well satisfied. Brookhart has dealt a deadly blow to Coolidge, but even without reference to him the State is in a most happy insurgency against the powers that be. I have before me the testimony of a staff correspondent of the Kansas City *Times*. A few days ago he thought the panic among the Republican workers uncalled for. Now he writes "after a long trip through the country districts in the war zone, and after talking with people down near the grass roots, this correspondent now is able to understand why panic has seized the Republican leaders." To the absolutely solid Scandinavian vote he attributes the chief defections, but he also admits (his paper is not for La Follette) that many old-stock Americans, suffering from the bad times, will vote for La Follette. The correspondent further avers that in the tenth and eleventh congressional districts in the northern part of the State, in which are one-fourth the voters of the State, the Republicans have simply abandoned the fight; they "wait for the blow to fall."

Only in Kansas, of the States under review, have the Republicans any right to hopefulness; even there pleasure is spoiled by the reflection that you never can tell what the "durned State" will do. The State of Mary Lease and of Sockless Jerry Simpson is just now mightily entertained by the fight being waged against the Klan by William Allen White, and there are those who think that his candidacy will be successful. He, too, is supporting Coolidge by "hitting him in the slats," as it was elegantly described to me, and saying nothing derogatory to La Follette. One hears, too, of farmers' meetings where no one would hear about anybody but "Bob" and where the local candidates displaying their wares had only one question put to them: "For whom are you?" If the answer was Coolidge the farmers' interest was lost. It may be that the revolt in Nebraska and Iowa will be duplicated in Kansas, but if it is no one will be more surprised than the La Follette workers.

The La Follette machine is poor, ineffective, and starved to death in all these States. In Kansas it seems even worse than that; there are suspicions as to its loyalty, just as one hears of railroad men who have been "reached" by the other side and learns of the Republican boast that they will own every German newspaper before election day comes.

In these States there are some of the same contradictory phenomena that have made the situation in other States so difficult to size up. There is much apathy, and yet among the farmers much interest. Meetings are small except when one of the Presidential or Vice-Presidential candidates appears. Congressmen draw only a handful of listeners. The Republican organization is very slow in getting to work; the Democrats are so ineffective that many people believe that their party will be all but wiped out this year. Money is scarce except with the Republicans. And there *is* a silent vote. Yesterday I was in a Kansas town where there are many railroad workers who are so terrorized that they do not dare to declare themselves or attend La Follette meetings. Among them are being formed Coolidge clubs, membership in which carries with it approval of the acts of the railroads, as well as a pledge to Coolidge. These workers are also being "reached" in other ways. Thus, President Hale Holden of the C. B. & Q. has just made a speech warning all his employees that the demagogue is abroad in the land and that the case for private ownership of railroads was never so strong as at this time. The speech was widely published and radioed. Yet these railroad men are keeping their mouths shut and are thinking and they know that their employers cannot find out how they will vote in the booths. That silent vote, I have come to believe, is largely going to La Follette.

It is curious how many men one meets who are convinced that La Follette will be the next President. You call their attention to the fact that all the middle-class business men and all the bank officers are equally certain that the election will not go into the House but be settled by a tremendous Coolidge sweep. "I know," is the reply. "You can't figure it out on paper, I'll admit. But I have been in this game for years and everything inside of me tells me we're going to win this time." Hope once more at its eternal game of will o' the wisp! And yet there are signs.

I reached Omaha last night in time to hear Mr. Dawes. The streets around his hall were shut off by the police in expectation of a huge crowd, and loud-speakers were attached to the walls for the waiting multitudes. But only twenty persons were listening outside, and they could easily have gone in. Mr. Dawes has unfortunate mannerisms of speech which, despite the amplifiers, made it impossible for more than one-half of his audience to hear him. He stamped, gesticulated, barked, and roared for twenty-two minutes. I have never heard a first-rank public man get as little applause as he did when he finished. It lasted, by my watch, exactly twenty seconds. The comments of the crowd were unflattering. Their amazement that the meeting was over within forty minutes was openly voiced. Dawes had nothing but his set speech. That the Reds menace our government and that La Follette will pull down the Supreme Court by order of the Socialists were his sole themes, save a long definition of the difference between a statesman and a demagogue, and a long quotation from Le Bon on the psychology of the crowd, to show that if you give the mob complete control of a government terrible things happen; witness the French and Russian revolutions. That went over the heads of his audience—a large and a fine one, with many working people in it. Only his final appeal to save the American home and hearthstone from the red flag of socialism stirred the audience at all. I am convinced by personal observation that Mr. Dawes helps the La Follette cause.

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Be Brisk With Babbitt

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

II. Are Americans Timorous Tabbies?

I WAS so encouraged by the comparative ease of persuading Mr. George F. Babbitt to confide his opinions that I went, in the afternoon, to call on his friend, Mr. Paul Riesling, whom I knew as a rather fine, very sensitive little man, really (despite Babbitt's commendation) an excellent amateur violinist.

I found him in the office of his small factory for the manufacture of prepared-paper roofing. When I hinted that his friend Babbitt had sent me, he became reluctantly cordial.

"Vote?" said Mr. Riesling, "I'm going to vote for La Follette.

"So you saw Georgie Babbitt. Good man. He has all the reasoning of a child of eight. He's the real majority-rule Democrat—he repeats whatever he hears the majority of his friends in the Zenith Athletic Club and the Boosters' Club saying. And at the same time he's one of the kindest, most loyal, most trustworthy friends a man could have, and if you intend to make fun of him in your interview——"

"Not at all. I'm going to quote him without comment."

"Hm. With most of us, the unkindest thing an interviewer could do would be to quote us exactly, without comment. But anyway:

"Know why I'm going to vote for La Follette? Because I've had a lot of personal and business complications lately, and they've shaken me out of myself—made me think.

"We've all gone ahead, generation after generation, being cautious, being afraid, insisting that if the wrong people were married, or if an industry was underpaying its employees, or if a man that ought to be writing music stuck at his job of selling roofing, why, we ought not to take any chance on changing these conditions. Then opposed to us were a little group of left-wingers who wailed that if anything did exist at all, that was a sufficient reason for changing it right away. But in between there were people like La Follette, who weren't afraid of change but who did advocate a man's paying his debts and doing his work and being loyal to his friends.

"I don't know. I may be wrong. But it seems to me La Follette is almost the first presidential candidate since Lincoln (the first with a chance to win—that's why I leave out Debs) who has had *greatness*, who has combined a desire to let human life be free and happy with a hard, solid, practical, food-raising competence.

"Another thing. I've had the opportunity of getting a detached view of America. In fact, I've recently been in Europe."

"You went with Babbitt, didn't you?"

"Yes, but we were apart a good deal. As I said, Georgie (don't repeat this to him—it would hurt his feeling)—Georgie is the kindest fellow in the world, but he does have the habit when he's traveling of keeping himself from seeing anything by digging in with all the fellow members of the Boosters' Club that he runs into along the way. I remember him and some osteopath from Fargo standing in the middle of the Coliseum discussing wardrobe trunks!

"So I got the habit of sneaking away from him as much as I could and—— Oh, I don't know that I learned much. I'm afraid I never once did my duty as a tourist and saw the places to which you go, as Georgie always puts it, 'so you could say you'd been there.' I just wandered—talked to policemen, to bar-maids in pubs, to vergers in cathedrals, to a man I ran into at the British museum—apparently he was a retired British general—and to a Hyde Park communist orator, who walked along Edgeware Road with me and bought me a drink of milk! They were so friendly! They were so simple, so eager to find out what Americans really were like. . . . I used to pretend to them that I was a professional violinist.

"And it was just the same in Paris and Florence and Rome, with the people who spoke English—waiters and concierges and a few taxi-drivers. And everywhere, in all those queer old streets, where you felt that people would rather have ease and laughter than facilities for parking flivvers, there was such peace.

"You may not see how this touches La Follette. It's like this. It seems to me that he combines, and Wheeler combines, American adventurousness and initiative with the scorn of empty hustle and noisy professional good-fellowship which the Europeans have. Oh, for once we have running for the Presidency not an ambitious, trimming, boot-licking politician but a real man who wants us to go on clearing the fields as we've always done, but not to become pedlers. *Gallant*—that's the word I always think of in connection with both him and Senator Wheeler. . . . I wonder if we're actually going to turn them down for a Vermont undertaker and a husky college pipe-smoker who's never grown up?

"I have a queer notion that in this election the American people is showing itself up. We're going to announce whether we're a nation of Coolidges, of La Follettes, or of Brother Charlies. We're going to say that we're content to be known as tight, cautious, timorous tabbies; or as loose and confused and purposeless followers of a party which has no policy and which in a generation has had no great man except Woodrow Wilson perhaps; or as mature and fearless people who are no longer colonial shop-keepers."

III. "I've Done Very Well, Thank You!"

It was with hesitation that I sought my third Zenith interview—with Mr. Charles L. McKelvey, president of the Dodsworth-McKelvey Construction Company, which built the Zenith Union Station and the State capitol. McKelvey is a big, suave, immaculate, quick-thinking man; a baron of the new feudalism; a man to whom, I fancy, Babbitt is a counter-jumper and Paul Riesling a sentimental fool. McKelvey would be a far more suitable symbol for use on the dollar than any antiquated goddess of liberty.

I was admitted, not too glowingly, to his enormous house on Royal Ridge.

"I suppose you're going to vote for Mr. Coolidge," I said, with the meekness suitable to a journalist in the presence of a potentate who can borrow a million dollars between noon and three.

McKelvey glanced at me with that friendly, knowing,

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devastating eye which has enabled him to control legislators without buying them—much. He tapped his teeth with his thumb nail, he made a gesture with his cigar, and spoke abruptly:

"Nope. For La Follette."

"Eh?"

"I don't suppose you regard that as much of a boost for La Follette though! I have no doubt you believe that anybody whom I and my bunch of cradle-snatchers vote for must be a crook. Well—— Confound it, I don't enjoy supporting the man! But I've had a conversion.

"I'm what you people call a Big Business Man. I've done very well, thank you! And naturally I've always stood in politics for the candidates who would let me carry out my plans and not butt in. I've always admired men like General Dawes—a great executive, a man with a big vision in business and yet with complete practicalness, and, I imagine, the best fellow and the best friend in the world—a real he-man. I've certainly always been against La Follette—he struck me as a chap who didn't understand the hard fact that one honest-to-God executive was worth more than a thousand of the dub workmen whom you can replace just around the corner in half an hour.

"Then, I've always been against La Follette's asinine doctrine that monopolies have to be broken up. Yes, and I'd have been against it if I'd been a workman instead of a boss.

"It seems fairly evident to me that the days of small, competitive industries are dead as Moses. Deader! If the country wants to grab off the big companies and run 'em, all right—if they can!—but to go back to a one-man barber-shop kind of amateur business is simply childish. Why, we haven't even begun to consolidate! Before you and I pass out, we'll see international corporations that will make Ford and Standard Oil and Sir Basil Zaharoff's combinations look like lemonade stands at a county fair.

"And absolutely right. The old-time way was for any farmer who got tired of plowing to move in town and start a grocery store, and then out of sheer ignorance and laziness to sell dirty lettuce and rotten eggs till he failed and was replaced by some other boob. Today we have organizations in which an egg-seller is chosen because he does it well or he gets moved on to something he can do well. You talk about 'public service'! Why, good Lord, the United Cigar Stores give the people a kind of service nobody ever dreamed of!

"So I was against La Follette both because of sound self-interest and from a knowledge of economics. (Oh, they'll tell you in this town that I'm a hard-boiled grafting contractor. Well, I specialized in economics in the State University, and I bet that right today I read more economics and sociology than the whole bunch you'll find hanging around this arty, socialistic book-shop of Lloyd Mallam's put together!)

"Well, then I got the contract to put up the new block of dormitories at the U. The president had a good idea—he wanted the architect and me to talk with a bunch of students and get their notion of what they wanted in dorms. So I met a lot of the present brood of undergrads, and I didn't talk to them like an alumnus of the vintage of 400 B.C., either, but like a shop-mate. And politics crept in—this was here just the other day, beginning of the fall term.

"Well, I had a shock. I found that all the good, solid, football-playing birds were for Coolidge, but all in the same words—and when I asked 'em what they wanted in the way of dormitories, they answered like Mongolian idiots making a sound indicating they needed food. But the others—lot of 'em were girls, and a lot of those Jews, keen little devils, awfully honest and decent and hard-working, and Lord how they liked bawling me out!—they knew what dorms ought to be, *and* they all seemed to look at the La Follette campaign as if it were some kind of a damned crusade.

"Then I had to go on to New York, and while I was there I got dragged to a highbrow evening at the house of a parlor socialist, and the speaker of the evening was a pro-Soviet Communist—the whole works—left-wing as a rattlesnake. And he converted me to La Follette. By attacking him!

"It may raise cain with me, but still, it's been sort of a relief—sort of the old-fashioned rejoicing in salvation that my aunt used to talk about when I was a kid and used to visit her in a small town up-State—to be standing for a candidate who you think is necessary for the country, instead of always feeling you have to be a good loyal slave to the party and backing the lad who promises you to see your grafting doesn't get you into jail!

"This Communist explained to us that there were two philosophies of reform politics—the belief that everything was so bad that the only hope was a complete revolution, and the other a belief that perfection comes slowly. He was of the first faith—oh, something violent! It seems that La Follette, like Ramsay MacDonald, was merely trying to bolster up our wicked democracy and palliate the evil, and so keep the day of judgment from arriving quicker, and those of us that wanted to hustle up the blood and revolution should either vote for William Z. Foster (who, he admitted, would get fully seven votes outside of such members of the *Liberator* staff as took the trouble of voting) or else we ought to come out plumb for Coolidge.

"He was strong for Coolidge. Why, he was stronger for him than the Ku Klux Klan and the Rotary Club and the Bankers' Association put together. If we just elected Coolidge and a few successors like him, said my Communist friend, things would finally get so bad that we'd have the whole nation rising, and all American Institutions would be dumped into the garbage can, where they belonged, and the blessed Russian Institutions would be installed in the United States instead.

"In fact, he said, La Follette was as much of a boob, old-time, non-Marxian American as Jefferson.

"Well, when I heard this fellow (and a good fellow he was, too—bully to go hunting with, I imagine) I got so stirred up I almost forgot about the profits of the Dodsworth-McKelvey Construction Company. I felt I was an old-time American myself. I was ashamed—a little—of all the graft I'd pulled at various times. I felt that La Follette, like William Allen White, represented my own people and that I, who'd been croaking about Immigration and the Furriners, had been so closely associated with Hunkies and Wops—in the interesting position of their employer—that I'd forgotten to be an American.

"I started my own private movement for the Americanization of American Big Businessmen right then and there. And I got to thinking about La Follette on monopoly again. I realized—— I'm still agin him on that; but I realized that Coolidge and Davis hadn't *any* positions; they didn't mean anything whatever; whereas La Follette, right or wrong, did have things for which he stood. And that if

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he was wrong sometimes, he was only part of a movement.

"So, intellectually, I was pretty near converted to La Follette. But not quite. I still couldn't visualize myself voting for a knocker, and I had a hunch that my Board of Directors wouldn't care much for my new religion.

"Well, I walked down Fifth Avenue and passed a rich-man's club—the kind that I'd eventually belong to myself, if I moved to New York and got a little flabbier, and there was a whale of a big Coolidge and Dawes sign across the face of the building. I got to thinking. How few rich men sitting around clubs are for Davis, and how darn much fewer of 'em for La Follette! Struck me as kind of a give-away of my class. And the sign—"absolute devotion to our country," along with the names of Coolidge and Dawes—somehow it made me sore, the smug way in which they assumed that only their herd of sacred white cows could be devoted to America. So I did some more fretting, but I still couldn't see myself lined up with what I'd always called a bunch of cranks.

"I came back on the Twentieth Century Limited and happened to get talking to a man who hinted that he was the Klosmic Klamor or something like that of the Ku Klux Klan. And he ordered me both to join the Klan and to vote for Kloolidge—say, I must hand that slogan over to my orthodox Republican friends; ought to win a million votes:

KLEEP KLAREFUL WITH KLOOLIDGE

"Well—— It happens that an ancestor of mine, some darned old Scotchman that turned Catholic just out of pure cussedness had to flee to the Quakers in Nantucket to keep from being imprisoned by the holy Puritans in Massachusetts. Myself, I'm about as much of a Catholic as Rabbi Wise, but when this earnest soul on the train told me that if I didn't vote for Coolidge the Catholics would be appointing a cardinal (preferably a Negro one who lived kosher) as President of the United States, in 1928, why, it got my goat, and I told him I came from a line of Americans, ten generations or so, who'd taken chances on liberal thought, and I wasn't too badly scared that America would be ruined by the adventurers, and I guessed I'd vote for La Follette.

"But—it's been hell having to clean up my business and run it without bribery, as I've had to do since I came out for La Follette!"

(To be concluded next week)

The Banker Saves the Farmer

By PAUL HARWOOD MILLAR

"We bankers save the farmers, on the average, once a month."

"LOOK here, Frank," panted the Chairman of the Agricultural Committee of the Bankers' Association, as he rushed into the office of the Chamber of Commerce, "have you seen this?" He thrust a copy of the *Crop Reporter* at the County Agricultural Agent. "Unless we can do something, the farmer is ruined—absolutely."

"The poor farmer," moaned the Secretary of the Chamber; "last month it was the green gourd-vine blight, and the month before the drag-worm attacked the work stock right at breaking time. I forget what it was the preceding month."

"There were 2.2 inches more rain than normal," said the Chairman. "But what about the catnip situation? We must do something. The farmer faces another terrible crisis, and to fail him now would be a blot on the fair name of the bankers of this community."

The County Agent wheeled in his swivel chair and consulted File C of the bulletins of the Department of Agriculture.

"There is," he said, "a canker-resistant variety of catnip known as Surepopper 666. Fortunately it is a late variety."

"Go on," broke in the Secretary of the Chamber. "If planted immediately it would mature a bumper crop?"

"It would," replied the County Agent. "However, seed is very scarce."

"I thought so," said the Secretary. "The price is prohibitive, putting it beyond the reach of the ordinary farmer."

"Exactly," said the County Agent. "I fear the situation is hopeless."

During this colloquy the keen mind of the banker, accustomed to grapple with such difficulties, had not been idle.

"Boys," he said, calmly, looking both his auditors full in the face with a determined glance, "the farmer must be saved. It is well known that high prices of all products, and especially those bought and sold by the farmer, are due to the middleman. All we have to do, then, is to eliminate the Middleman's Profits. This can be done by buying seeds direct from the manufacturer in car-load lots. We shall then sell to the farmer at cost, and, on account of the emergency, extend credit to him at a nominal rate of interest—say 10 per cent or more."

"And how about security?" asked the County Agent.

"As to that," said the Chairman, "we shall not be hard to satisfy. All we want is a lien on the farmer's catnip crop, backed up by a mortgage on his farm."

"Fine!" cried the Secretary. "What beneficence! The agricultural interests will be deeply indebted to you big-hearted bankers. The first thing, now, is to get the news to the farmer that his catnip crop is a failure, and then to impress him with the serious crisis which he faces."

"Right O!" said the Chairman. "We must have a Plant More Catnip campaign, conducted along the lines of our Save the Bird Seed drive of last fall."

"Our Extension Department will be glad to cooperate," said the County Agent. "Also I think I can say the same for the Agricultural Department of the Hot Air Line Railway, and of the Pan-American Kidney Bean Thresher, Inc."

The Chairman of the Agricultural Committee was a man of action. Next day there appeared in the *Press* these headlines: "Farmers Face Acute Catnip Shortage"; and underneath the Chairman explained that, due to the inroads of the deadly catnip canker, the farmers' only salvation lay in replanting immediately with seed of the canker-immune variety Surepopper 666, which seed was to be ordered by the bankers in car-load lots and sold at cost, thus saving the Middleman's Profit. The Chairman

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also announced that tomorrow night there would be a Great Farmers' Rally held in the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce, at which time the farmer would be addressed by well-known agricultural experts. All farmers were urged to be present.

The Chairman also had posters struck, bearing the device:

SUREPOPPER 666
SAVE OUR CATS

and signed by each and every banker in the county.

Two copies of this were placed in each bank, one in the front window beside the agricultural exhibit, the other on the cashier's cage, where the Leading Business Men, about to deposit the farmers' hard-earned cash, could see it. There was also a copy in the post office, one in the ladies' rest room, and one on every telephone pole between the courthouse and the county line. Thus was the ground prepared for the Plant More Catnip campaign.

The day of the Great Farmers' Rally dawned bright and clear. Long before the hour the Chamber was taxed to its capacity. Occupying the first five rows were the members of the Bankers' Association. Behind them sat the Board of Trade, and then ranged in order came the Rotarians, the B. P. O. E.'s, the Z. Z. Z.'s, the K. K. K.'s, and the Lion Tamer's Club, which brought up the rear. A good many of the Leading Business Men, even, had to be turned away for lack of room.

The County Agent acted as chairman of the Great Farmers' Rally. He said that there were those present better qualified to speak than he, and accordingly introduced the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, who spoke as follows:

> My friends: Our prosperous and progressive county faces a real crisis. But first let me say a word about our County Agent. We are indeed fortunate in having the services of such a live wire. All of us remember his work in our Stronger String Beans campaign, which by calculation of the Agricultural Accounting Committee saved the farmers of this county $375.75. I say we as farmers face a real crisis today. The catnip crop is a total failure. Do you realize, gentlemen, what this means? It means this—that unless another supply of this indispensable commodity is produced all the cats in this county will be deprived of that vital feline principle Mitabene Z, contained only and solely in catnip. Estimating this year's carry-over of catnip at 15,550 tons, it is evident that if every cat in Thomas County is to get five nips per day, which is the minimum ration for the average cat, 51,678 ton-acres of catnip must be either raised or imported next year.
>
> To import this amount spells financial ruin for us farmers. There is but one other way, and that is to raise it. Through the generosity of the bankers it is possible for us to buy in carload lots, thus saving the Middleman's Profits, seed of Surepopper 666, a canker-resistant variety from which we may yet harvest a bumper crop. The bankers are going to extend very easy terms, to wit, 10 per cent or more on moneys advanced. It is to be hoped that many of our farmers will take advantage of this generous offer.

The Secretary of the Chamber resumed his seat with much pep, and after the applause had died down the County Agent said he was glad to introduce the second speaker, the Agricultural Commissioner of the Hot Air Line Railway. There was no one, the County Agent said, who had done more for the advancement of agriculture than the Commissioner. In the Buy Bigger Billy Goats campaign he had rendered valuable service, placing the billy-goat industry of the county on a very high plane.

"It would be unfair to you, my friends," said the Commissioner, "did I not state that in my opinion you have right here the best County Agent in the territory of the Hot Air Line. I often recall how in our college days Tom and I had a vision of doing big things for the agriculture of this great State, and it is a pleasure now to witness the realization of these dreams for both of us.

"I love the honest farmer, the horny-handed son of toil. I was a farmer lad myself. Many a day have I followed Old Beck, and even now, gentlemen, I defy any man to plow a straighter furrow——"

Here the Commissioner was interrupted by cries of "I defy you" and "I challenge him," from the County Judge and the President of the Board of Trade.

"Very well, then, gentlemen," said the Commissioner, undismayed. "I invite you to a plowing match, tomorrow at 8 p. m. at the rooms of the Kiwanis Club. Is that satisfactory?"

"It is," they replied in unison.

The Commissioner continued. "But I have digressed. I believe that Catnip Culture was the subject assigned me. May I say a word about freight rates? Let us take, for example, a bushel of turnip greens shipped from Omaha, Nebraska, to Tampa, Florida. The items entering into the consumers' price are as follows: paid to the farmer, one-tenth of 1 per cent; to the commission men, 3 per cent; to the wholesaler, 1 per cent; to the retailer, 5 per cent."

At this point a Lion Tamer asked who got the rest of it.

The Commissioner replied that the railroad got the rest of it, but that this was justifiable, as the books would show that, with overhead and depreciation taken into consideration, there was nothing left after dividends had been declared.

"Who gets the profit on the bushel of turnip greens," continued the Commissioner, "and, if so, why not, and if not not, why so?"

There was no need of asking a second time. All over the house there arose cries of "The Middleman, the Middleman!"

"Exactly," said the Commissioner, "the Middlemen. And right here I want to pay a tribute to our splendid Chamber of Commerce for their work in organizing the Cooperative Corn-cob Marketing Association. That, gentlemen, was a splendid piece of constructive work. Let me say in conclusion that I am heartily in favor of the Plant More Catnip campaign."

The Commissioner bowed and resumed his seat. The audience arose and gave a Chautauqua salute, led by the Chairman of the Agricultural Committee. The County Agent and the Secretary of the Chamber leaned over and shook hands with the Commissioner.

The next and last speaker was the President of the Farmers' Bank & Bust Company. He said that it always gave him great pleasure to address such a body of stalwart farmers. Like the Commissioner of the Hot Air Line, he, too, had been a farmer boy, and it might be interesting to know that 99.7 per cent of all the eminent men had been raised on the farms. As for the Plant More Catnip campaign, he said that he was for it 100 per cent. He said

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that in applying for a loan from the Bank & Bust Company question 187 was "What is your catnip acreage?" and that as this followed question 186, "Do you intend to repay this loan?" it was evident what great stress he as a banker placed upon the production of catnip. It was his opinion that catnip seed should be planted with a grain drill, and not dropped by hand and covered with a hoe, as an average saving of eleven cents per acre was thus effected. In conclusion, he said he would like to hear from some of the farmers, and find out how they stood on this most important question.

"I feel," said the County Agent, as the applause subsided, "that this is a good suggestion. We shall now hear from some of the farmers."

The manager of the hardware department of Buggam Brothers' Big Store arose. "I want to indorse," he said, "every word that has been spoken here tonight, and I especially want to indorse what the President has said about the use of the grain drill. In this era of keen competition too much stress cannot be laid on keeping down the cost of production. Also, too many farmers overlook the possibility of up-to-date harvesting machinery, such as the catnip combine, which cuts and shocks the catnip and puts it in the barn, all in one operation."

"There is one thing of importance which has not been mentioned tonight," said the Assistant Cashier, "and that is the Dust Mulch. In my opinion the Dust Mulch——"

"Mr. Chairman," said the Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan, "it is now well on toward midnight and some of us have other engagements. I move you, sir, that it is the sense of this meeting that a grave agricultural crisis has just been averted; and that in recognition of this fact a vote of thanks be accorded to all present tonight."

Once more had the banker saved the farmer.

"Politics Ain't What It Was"

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

THERE just simply is no doubt that politics, in comparison with what it was, is sort of low in the mouth. Now, for instance, consider the good old campaign of 1840.

However, before considering it, let us consider this campaign. This roving and retrospecting reporter has been living lately in Chicago. Chicago contains the principal Republican headquarters. It contains the principal La Follette headquarters. It contains one of the three principal Democratic headquarters. It ought to be just all full of political frenzy.

To say nothing of the campaign of 1840, this writer out of his childhood remembers the campaign between Benjamin Harrison and Grover Cleveland in 1888. That campaign is more vivid in his memory than the campaign of 1840. In 1888, when there was nothing in the world between Benjamin Harrison and Grover Cleveland except the bloody shirt of the Civil War, twenty-three years gone by, the dismal, dreary topic of the tariff was more intense, was more fervent, was more exciting and tumultuous than this campaign of immensely greater issues. The issues are greater. The interest is smaller. The points to be decided are larger. The popular concern, the popular enthusiasm, is feebler—much feebler. In those days people would stay up, large numbers of them, late at night, for politics. Today not even the professional politicians will stay up.

This writer has tested it out. He has gone to all three principal political headquarters in Chicago at 10 o'clock in the evening. It may be that the Communist headquarters were open and thriving. Perhaps Bill Foster and Ben Gitlow were brooding and glowing over the prospects of the world in their headquarters, wherever they may be, at that hour. This writer must admit that he did not go there. He can speak only for the Republican headquarters and the Democratic headquarters and the La Follette headquarters. Among them the first two were stone dead. The third had three young men in it who were just about to depart for their beds.

Meanwhile the jazz-bands were cheering the Loop. The outside road-lining road houses were welcoming their guests. Theaters were in the midst of their business. The really late cabarets had not yet begun. The intense emotional interests of Chicago—many of them—were yet to come into play. Politics had gone to sleep. This writer called up the hotels of two of the principal managers of headquarters. By veracious testimony from bell-boys of his acquaintance he learned that these managers genuinely and actually had retired to their rooms for the night.

Nothing in the world can really be extraordinarily exciting if people abandon it at such an hour of the night. As an old, poor, political enthusiastic night-hawk, this writer looks with apprehension at an era when political managers go to bed at 10 o'clock in the afternoon. Everything in politics seems to have become regularized, standardized, formalized. Everything in politics seems to be now on the same side of the fence with all those other businesses—such as the business of the stock market or the business of the department stores—which are conducted during set hours in the daytime and which give way in the evening to those things which the human race seems to regard as a relief from those businesses. Even the pig-iron blast furnaces' business begins to appeal to this writer as a romantic business because it, at any rate, at least when pig-iron is mounting in price, continues through the night and irradiates the nighttime sky with flames and fumes of streaming and striking and uneasy interest.

In this writer's boyhood, although the bloody shirt and the bloodless tariff were the only political interests, people did not turn from politics in the evening to follow the jazz and to follow the radio. They did not go in for these modernistic, ridiculous campaigns for "bringing out the vote." They did not spend all their time, if they were interested in politics, in trying to bring people to the polls who were not interested in politics and who would vote ignorantly if they got there. They happened themselves to be interested in politics and they talked politics, whispered politics, breathed politics, and could stay away from the theater and out of bed to intrigue about politics just simply

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because they liked politics, not out of a low sense of duty but out of a high sense of joy and pleasure.

If ever we have to do politics just out of a sense of duty, we are at the beginning of the end. Yet that is the note—the note of a sense of duty—which begins to be stressed in this modernistic decadent campaign. People come around to other people and tell them that they ought to vote because it is a duty to vote. Think of it. Our ancestors agitated and more or less fought and bled and died to get the chance to have the sheer pleasure and amusement of voting. They wanted to vote because it gave them a good time. Any man who does not get a good time out of voting would probably better stay at home, because he will be only a left-handed nincompoop at the polls. The effectiveness of politics, like the effectiveness of religion or of anything else, is when you just simply cannot help doing it even if all the world tries, not to urge you to do it, but to prevent you from doing it.

Think of the log-cabin-cider-press-coonskin-cap campaign of 1840. Think of William Henry Harrison, who carefully avoided having anything in the world to think or to say—really—about the issues of 1840. Think of the imitation log cabins; think of the simulated cider presses; think of the fabricated and imitation coonskin caps that nevertheless went through all the streets and roads of America to float old Tippecanoe and Tyler too into the District of Columbia by the presidential and vice-presidential suffrages of a free and enthusiastic people.

Can anybody think that in this campaign, of immensely greater issues, there is any really nation-wide approach to the intensity of the campaign of 1840? Every campaign headquarters knows in fact the listlessness of the voter in this year 1924. Even the La Follette headquarters in its main headquarters city is dark when the city is bright. We are fallen upon large political issues and upon small civic days. That is the fact.

"Brother Charley"

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

OUT on the Platte they tell you that when it rains Governor Bryan takes the credit and when there is a drought he blames it on the Republican Legislature. It must be admitted that, while the name of Bryan has never been a synonym for diffident reticence, beside his younger brother William Jennings may fairly be described as coy and uncommunicative.

Trying to arrive at a balanced appraisal of the Democratic vice-presidential candidate in his own State is most trying indeed. Almost nobody in Nebraska pretends to be impartial concerning him or his achievements. Almost everybody professes either fervent loyalty or violent antipathy toward him. It is a natural consequence of his own temperamental attitude. One must be either for or against him—either with the heavenly hosts or with the legions of hell. He will not recognize neutrals. To him every skirmish is an Armageddon.

Nevertheless certain facts seem fairly free of reasonable argument. It appears above question, for example, that Bryan has persistently and successfully fought for cheaper gas, ice, coal, and gasoline for the people of his city and State, and that as Governor he achieved a material reduction in taxes. It appears with equal certainty that he has boasted so offensively, blatantly, and exaggeratedly of these reductions that some people would rather pay more than have to listen to him.

It is not seriously denied that personally he is honest, independent, energetic, and a capable executive, and that he is shrewdly practical. Again, it is plain that he is intolerant, bumptious, exigent, and possessed by a burning ambition to get on politically.

Because of that mortal weakness which demands that all our heroes be snow-white and our villains pitch-black, this portrait is bound not to satisfy, but you can neither tar nor whitewash Charles Wayland Bryan without manhandling the realities. The writer talked with the foremost two editors of the State, one a Democrat, the other a Republican; both know the Bryans. The Democrat said: "W. J. has principles; Charley has policies. William conceives an ideal and goes out to fight for it until the people accept it. Charley finds out what the people want and then fights for it until they accept him as their champion." The Republican said: "W. J. always deals in generalities of which he frequently knows nothing; Charley in practical propositions of which he knows a great deal."

The Governor is a big man, with the bald Bryan dome and piercing dark eyes. Notwithstanding his fifty-seven years, he possesses a physical and mental vigor which is simply terrific. He is quick, restless, rapid of speech, and sudden in his movements. His hands are never still. He keeps taking off his black slouch hat and slapping it on again. When he cannot wear it, he dons a skull cap. Nothing could be more inappropriate. He is as hard and rough and combative as an Airedale. A skull cap on him is as ludicrous as slippered pantaloons on Jack Dempsey.

This must be said in his behalf: His fame in the Northwest borrows nothing from the reputation of his brother. He is today, strictly on the basis of his own accomplishments, a far more potent and provoking factor than his brother is—perhaps than his brother ever was. It may be that he leans on him for advice; one is inclined to doubt even that. He is not the sort of man to lean on anybody for anything, and advice is one commodity of which he has a large surplus and which he constantly endeavors to market.

Prior to 1907 he had been engaged in managing the business affairs of the *Commoner* and in contributing occasional articles to it, although William J. was charged with the editorial function. His entry into the field of politics as a candidate was provoked by a campaign for cheaper gas in the city of Lincoln. The mayor said it would involve a long and costly legal fight. Bryan declared that any man with red blood in his veins and a genuine desire to help the people could do the thing in thirty days. On that platform he entered the race. By threatening to circulate petitions calling an election on a bond issue to build a municipal gas and electric plant, he apparently intimidated the company. The rate was reduced before the election, and Bryan

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was triumphantly elected by his grateful fellow-citizens.

As mayor he opened a free legal-aid bureau and a free employment agency, and sponsored street and park improvements, retiring at the end of his term. Two years later he again became a candidate, pledging the establishment of a municipal coal yard, ice plant, and municipal markets. Commission form of government prevailed, and the invariable precedent dictated that the candidate receiving the largest plurality become mayor. Although Bryan led the ticket, the only vote which he received for mayor when the new commission met to assign the departments was his own. Moreover, a majority of the commission voted down his proposals for municipal institutions.

Thereupon Bryan circulated petitions for a referendum on those subjects and also for the recall of the commissioners who opposed him. When those gentlemen found that he had more than enough signatures to call the election, they capitulated to the "will of the people," hastily deciding that it was unnecessary to have the election. They had no stomach for any further fight with this disagreeable customer.

Simultaneously, the local ice company announced a 50-per-cent reduction in the retail price, and the "muny" ice plant was not started. The public market was not established because of lack of funds. The coal yard, however, was opened and the price of coal cut from $14.50 to $10.50 a ton. The State Supreme Court, after the fashion of supreme courts, deciding that the city had no authority under its charter to operate a coal yard, Bryan closed it one evening as a public institution and reopened it the next morning under his private sponsorship, and he circulated petitions—he had become the most expert petition circulator west of the Mississippi—for an election to amend the charter, which was carried by 11 to 1.

Meantime, relieved for two years of his harassing presence in office, the gas company had reestablished its old rate. Bryan backed a suit which resulted not only in the restoration of the cut price but in rebates to the consumers totaling $450,000. He successfully opposed a proposal to increase the carfare of school children and made the express company extend the free-delivery zone. On the basis of these accomplishments he ran for Governor in 1922 and was elected by 50,000, while his Democratic running mate, Senator Hitchcock, was losing by 75,000. Hitchcock's friends have not failed to charge Brother Charley with duplicity in this campaign.

Then, too, with the stupidity which seems to have become the leading characteristic of Republican leadership everywhere since the death of Boies Penrose, the organization nominated to oppose Bryan a banker by the name of C. A. Randall. Mr. Randall was head of the State Bankers' Association, belonged to the best clubs, visited in the best homes, and ate with his fork. As a thoroughgoing 100 per center he had during the war supported the foreign-language law, a measure of persecution directed against the German-speaking population, which would have prohibited the teaching, even in parochial and private schools, of any foreign language to children who had not reached the eighth grade. Even the United States Supreme Court revolted and declared the law unconstitutional.

Bryan's administration as Governor was Bryan's administration as Mayor all over again, on a larger scale. He had a hostile majority in the Legislature. Notwithstanding, by using publicity as a weapon just as he previously had used referendum petitions, he clubbed his opponents more or less into submission, and succeeded in effecting economies in State government which resulted in a 13-per-cent reduction in the tax rate.

He threatened to open State coal yards, but the coal dealers, upon the advice of counsel who had carefully examined the decisions and the temperament of the State Supreme Court, told him to go where the price of coal had ceased to trouble. Acting as a private citizen, he offered to supply every cooperative, local committee, labor union, or other responsible agency in the State with coal at cost. He offered, and he carried out. The price fell $4 and in some places $6 a ton.

It was about this time that Governor McMaster of South Dakota opened his famous offensive against gasoline prices. When that occurred Governor Bryan was in North Dakota. Hastening home, he announced that he had that day sent a telegram to the officers of the Standard Oil Company at Chicago, warning that unless the retail price of gasoline was promptly reduced in Nebraska he would open public filling stations and sell at cost. The next morning the signs at the filling stations recorded a drop of two and a half to four cents a gallon, and there were ringing hosannas for Charley from Omaha to Coffee Siding, from Keyapaha County to Red Willow—which is the Nebraska equivalent of Dan to Beersheba.

To be sure there were scoffers. They pointed out that the reduction had occurred simultaneously and uniformly in a territory comprising eight States, and that Bryan's telegram, if indeed one had been sent, probably had about as much to do with the result as resolutions adopted by the Chattanooga, Tennessee, Browning Club. But the man with the Ford merely remarked that it was mighty funny how these things never happened until Charley took a hand, and always happened immediately when he did.

The picture, in all honesty, is not complete. Long before Mayor Bryan entered the field of public operation in Lincoln the present Republican Senator Howell had brought about the establishment of municipal ice, gas, and water plants in Omaha. And before Bryan moved against gasoline prices Commissioner Hopkins had reduced the price in Omaha by five cents through opening a filling station with gasoline bought wholesale for the Fire Department.

Thus it is charged that every important reform which he has advocated or effected has been a leaf stolen from the book of somebody else, that he never moves until he is certain of the direction in which political capital lies, that he capitalizes the discontent or unrest aroused by hardier and less selfish pioneers. It is difficult to make those distinctions clear to the farmer whose saving in reduced taxes and cheaper coal and gasoline amounted to a total of $300 last year. It is difficult to present them convincingly to the housekeeper who had her ice bill cut in half.

His is not an engaging personality. He has not the charm of Davis, not the impressive conviction of La Follette, not the debonair and reckless courage of Wheeler. He overstates his case; he claims too much.

Yet the record stands. One finds it difficult to believe that a man so obviously centered on himself can burn with his whole heart for the people. And he accepted Mr. Davis's progressivism all too willingly. But there is the record. He has fought for the people, and he has never fought for the interests. In the last analysis his best recommendation is the enemies he has made and the fear he has inspired.

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October End

By WILLIAM A. NORRIS

Make the most of this late sunlight:
Thin gold on autumn leaves,
Branches not wholly bare.

We have this to remember—
Summer wind in the trees and no leaves falling,
Heat of the summer sun in the sleeping grasses;
And we ourselves picking flowers, growing weary of flowers,
Gathering grain, wading in golden brooks.

There is no sound now,
Only our hushed voices
And the click of leaf on leaf.

Autumn, Forsake the Hills

By FRANK ERNEST HILL

Autumn, forsake these hills and dwell in towns.
Change will not take you there. The year will go
Insensibly from summer into snow;
No tower will turn from green to golds and browns.
But here the slopes and hollows burn with death—
Scarlet of leaves, scarlet of butterflies
Flame to their ash . . . Last flowers shut their eyes.
Bronze bees go stricken in the frosty breath
Of blue-bright noon. Under the black wild grapes
White wine of brooks through leaf-drowned shadow ebbs.
Spiders hang frozen in gray spider webs.
What here was young and bright and swift escapes
In ruin that can never flame at all
Where life is changeless pavement, noise, and wall.

In the Driftway

THERE has been much discussion about our President; he has been called silent because he had nothing to say, and deep because he would not allow his depths to be sounded. This is now to be changed. Not that Honest Cal is to become loquacious all of a sudden; but in the quiet watches of the night, behind closed doors for all the Drifter knows to the contrary, it seems that Cal has been talking, maybe to himself. And his remarks are now made available for all good Republicans and bad non-Republicans to read and ponder on.

* * * * *

MR. ROBERT J. THOMPSON of Chicago has compiled the little book—"Adequate Brevity" he calls it—which gives Mr. Coolidge away. Mr. Thompson himself feels that it is safe to publish these maxims. "Mr. Coolidge," says he, "will be found to be all right—indeed a man to whom you would at all times, and unhesitatingly, trust your fortune, your business, your life, and your sacred honor." There is hardly a phase of life or opinion which is not touched upon, and in order that a busy soul yearning for counsel may have no difficulty in finding what he needs the thoughts are classified in alphabetical order: "America," "Bolshevism," "Character," "Deception," "Forgiveness," "Foreign Debts," "Our Fathers," "The Press," "Thought," "Unrest," "Welfare," and "World Problems," to give only a few of them. The book itself is a small volume about four inches by six, and has 122 pages of reading matter, so it is evident that in order to touch upon these and other topics of interest brevity must be employed indeed.

* * * * *

AND what does Mr. Coolidge think? The Drifter, turning the pages of "Adequate Brevity," started in by marking those passages which seemed especially worthy of comment; he found, however, that he was marking every one; it was evident that the President could not have a thought that was not—well, let him speak for himself:

America is still the land of opportunity.

Without a healthy, productive, and prosperous agriculture, there can be no real prosperity.

The agriculture of the nation needs a greater supply and lower cost of fertilizer.

Undivided allegiance to public authority must be required.

Can those intrusted with the gravest authority set any example save that of the sternest obedience to law?

Not all those who are working to better the condition of the people are Bolsheviki or enemies of society.

Let everybody keep at work. Profitable employment is the death-blow to bolshevism, and abundant production is disaster to the profiteer.

Invested capital is the result of brains.

There is no surer road to destruction than prosperity without character.

Civilization and profits go hand in hand.

The supply of coal must be constant.

Education is to teach men not what to think but how to think.

There is an obligation to forgive but it does not extend to the unrepentant.

Everyone is anxious for good highways.

America must be kept American.

Not all those who are attempting to conduct a successful business are profiteers.

A great man comes from the devotion of a great mother.

There is no place for the cynic or the pessimist.

At the revelation of greed making its subtle approaches to public officers, of the prostitution of high place to private profit, we are filled with scorn and with indignation.

* * * * *

THE Drifter maintains that these are splendid sentiments; that they do credit to the home and fireside which produced them; and that the holders of them should be allowed to rule the land. As a matter of fact, they are.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mr. Mencken on the Sex Comedy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your instructive No. 3092 Mr. Bernard Sobel attacks the contentions that I set up in my article The Sex Uproar by arguing (a) that, despite their light and even jocose view of the sex comedy, the talk of men is nevertheless "very much like that which Mlle de Maupin heard when she masqueraded as a man," and (b) that despite the fact that men would work if

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there were no women in the world, there remains in them "the lurking hope that approbation and subsequent success will bring ultimate sex reward."

My contentions survive these caveats. I do not deny that men spend a great deal of time talking about women: what I argue is that they never talk about women until after they have exhausted all other subjects of common interest. Sex is simply the ultimate common denominator: all men are males. Lock up a Methodist bishop and a cowboy in a room together, and they will talk of women, for they have no other interest in common. But put the bishop with a bootlegger, and they will talk of Prohibition until they are exhausted. Where men of diverse and incongruous kinds are thrown together, as in Pullman smoke-rooms, jails, and clubs, the talk is largely of feats of amour. But where men who know one another and are interested in one another meet, such simian exploits are seldom mentioned.

The "lurking hope" that Mr. Sobel mentions simply does not exist. Why should it lurk, or be a mere hope? Any man, rich or poor, fat or lean, Christian or heathen, can find a woman to be kind to him. The rare man who fails is a man who would still fail if he were worth $8,000. I can only say that I have never met any such man. I doubt that a man who enjoys "approbation and success" is particularly attractive to women, save perhaps transiently. The man's success is always the enemy of the woman who loves him. The most lavish and caressing loves, I believe, are heaped upon men who, as other men see them, are failures.

Hohenzollern, Maryland, October 3 H. L. MENCKEN

[The name of Bernard Sobel, whose letter was published in last week's *Nation*, was erroneously printed as Bernard Sobe. —EDITOR THE NATION.]

Quaker Meant Friend

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No newcomer at Essen was allowed to doubt that he was in the occupied territory. The railway station was gorgeous with French and Belgian flags, draped above shields of the republic. One heard the French tongue constantly in the streets, though the uniforms were few. The military had been largely withdrawn shortly after the election of May 11. Their withdrawal had eased the tension, my traveling companions told me; but one felt a different atmosphere than that of unoccupied Germany. The stranger who visits unoccupied Germany today, the inflation being over and prices high, must be a friend. In the Ruhr a stranger meant an enemy. Two women in the third-class compartment where we were together cautiously whispered to each other, their eyes on me. Everywhere were hostile looks. A group of school-children in the street approached me menacingly, and one young girl, looking me straight in the face, snarled like an animal. A man passing me on a bicycle spat with unnecessary vehemence.

I visited the little farm surrounded by big factories, and spoke again with Heinrich, the one-time prisoner of war who had worked for us in France, back in the days of the armistice. He had so changed and aged that he was quite unrecognizable. But he was by no means the most miserable that I had seen. He had his kind old parents with him and the farm was their own.

I was tired and discouraged as I started on the dusty two-mile walk that lay between me and the railway station. As I passed a wretched little roadside inn I caught a glimpse of green trees and wooden benches and turned in to rest. A drunken old man with red eyes who was in the bar as I passed through asked me at once my nationality, and a youth with long hair and a depraved face stared at me insolently. They both followed me into the shabby garden and stood beside my table. There they were joined by numerous others, the roughest group that I had seen during all my visit to Germany: men in their undershirts, frowsy women, and half a dozen dirty children.

"Sind Sie Französin?" they asked.

"Ich bin Quäkerin," I answered.

The effect was magical. I might have been a crowned queen among those miserable people. There was not one to whom the word did not have profound significance.

Quaker meant friend.

S.S. France, September 11 MARY KELSEY

La Follette and the Far West

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wonder if the four men on the Supreme Court of California who have just issued the decision barring La Follette from the ballot realize that in one day they have done more to convince the people—not only of California and the Pacific Coast but the whole country—that the courts should be curbed than La Follette could have done by arguing from now till the crack of doom? Isn't there something, somewhere, saying: "give a rogue rope enough——"? Well, the courts are hanging themselves. They might defend themselves successfully against La Follette, but that will avail them little if they cannot defend themselves against *themselves*. The American people demand, if nothing else, fair play. They possess their many faults, but one of them is not to approve of hitting below the belt. There may be fine legal points whereby judges and lawyers will be able to prove to their own satisfaction that this anti-La Follette decision is entirely legal and proper. But the plain people, who possess no such discriminating minds and to whom the law is fast by way of becoming a consummate ass, will have great difficulty in accepting this proof. For they will remember that this decision came at a time when the Coolidgeites had been jolted from the cocksure arrogance which followed their victorious May primary to a state of genuine alarm at the wave of sentiment rolling up for La Follette and Wheeler. They will look upon the situation created by this decision as they would upon a prizefight—a prizefight in which the man who, despite a heavy handicap, is getting the best of it in a fair encounter, is struck a foul blow by his desperate opponent. Therefore, the four justices of the California Supreme Court, by doing the California candidacy of La Follette a mechanichal injury, have done the La Follette cause throughout the country a great and growing good. That is the net result of this decision.

Now, what of the La Follette prospects here in the Far West? Well, whatever the rest of the country has done, the Far West—California in particular—has not lost its taste, thank God, for progressivism. Not the progressivism of the Chester Rowells, which, because it has not moved an inch or changed so much as a jot or tittle since 1912, is the reactionaryism of today. But the Progressivism of William Kent, of Fremont Older, of Rudolph Spreckels, and of C. K. McClatchy. The progressivism that is progressivism because it has kept pace with changing conditions. It will carry the three latter states for La Follette and Wheeler; and may even carry California despite the handicap erected by the Supreme Court majority. The Davis candidacy out here is scarcely noticeable. His adherents might just as well save the tally clerks extra labor by going fishing on election day. The fight is between Coolidge and La Follette; there is no doubt about that.

And how the Coolidge forces are working! They are desperate. Employees of the big corporations are being called in and gravely warned of the "dangers" of La Folletteism. They are also being called upon to contribute to the Coolidge campaign fund. A young aquaintance of mine who works for one of these concerns tells me he was called in the other day by his superior and asked to give two dollars to the Coolidge fund. "Why," said he, "I'm not sure yet that I'm going to vote for him." "Oh, that's all right; vote for whomever you please, but come through with two bucks for Coolidge," said his superior; who added half facetiously, as he took charge of the two "bucks": "If you're as smart as I think you are, you'll make up your mind for Coolidge."

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Furthermore, the Coolidge forces have resorted to what some might call "strategy." They have turned over the party offices to men once known as progressives. Committee chairmanships, regional directorships, etc., are nearly all held by men belonging to what might be termed the "Johnson wing" of the Republican Party. This of itself is a confession of desperation; for a few months ago the *real* Coolidge crowd, the old reactionary anti-Johnson machine, was directing the Coolidge campaign and telling the Johnsonites to go way back and sit down. But with all their trading and angling they have not got the astute Hiram to announce for Coolidge. He keeps a somber and discreet silence. At times he may lose his temper and kick over the traces to his own political detriment, but most of the time he knows what is good for Hiram. He knows now, for instance, that the best thing that could happen to Hiram Johnson would be for La Follette to carry California in November. Consequently Hiram is, in the matter of silence, out-Coolidging Coolidge. It is true he did break silence long enough to denounce the decision barring La Follette and Wheeler from the ballot; but if the Coolidge forces can get anything besides discomfort out of that they are lucky.

Meanwhile, men like William Kent, Rudolph Spreckels, Francis J. Heney, Fremont Older, and C. K. McClatchy, and women of the same fine type, are out in the open giving their all to the La Follette cause. C. K. McClatchy, with his powerful newspapers, the Sacramento *Bee* and the Fresno *Bee*, is doing valient service; and Rudolph Spreckles, whom ten years or more of bitter fighting has not driven out of the banking industry of San Francisco, is out daily on the stump. And we are all—high and low, great and small—happy in the fight. Happy as we have not been for years. It is joyous to have once again something worth fighting for.

San Francisco, September 26 JOHN HARROWBY

Radio Censorship

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: During the Democratic Convention Congressman J. Lister Hill of Alabama delivered a terrific philippic from radio station WOR (Newark) against the Republican Party. He was continuously cut off in the midst of words and sentences. When "oil scandals" or "predatory interests" were mentioned without reference to the Republican Party the sentence went over uncensored. But when he said "at the Cleveland convention the Republican Party was dominated by the predatory——," he was cut off. During the ten-minute speech I only heard half which was sent out. Mr. Hill spoke to the empty air half the time.

I immediately phoned a leading New York paper. "What interest or news is there in that?" said the person at the other end. "Why, on a prohibition speech Hudson Maxim was cut off and the news featured—why not this?" "Wait a minute— . . . Well, our Newark man will get that news."

I read the paper assiduously after that, but saw no mention of the censorship. Isn't it a shame that we get only nationalistic and conservative propaganda over the radio?

Allentown, Pennsylvania, July 25 RALPH B. GUINNESS

We See Our Finish

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am a senior in college this year. I have studied political science, economics, history, and psychology. I have no particular ability, but do have a limitless ambition and am willing to work more than hard.

My ambition is to become the editor of either *The Nation* or the *New Republic*. How should I approach the proposition? Should I go to a school of journalism, and if so, which one, or should I grab the first cub-reporter job that I can get?

Richmond, Indiana, September 20 J.

Books

First Glance

A YEAR or more ago some verses by Edith Sitwell in the London *Spectator* aroused a controversy which filled that paper's correspondence columns for several weeks running. The meaning of the verses, if there was any, had been obscure to many readers, and the question raised was whether an editor has the right to publish a poem which he knows will mystify its audience. The editor in this case, who happened to be of Miss Sitwell's sex, closed the discussion by saying that she had chosen to print the poem not because of its meaning or lack of meaning but simply because it had seemed to her beautiful; though half of the lines had conveyed nothing to her mind, her impression of the whole was of something competent and rare and so she had given it space. The editor seemed to me at the time to have made her point, and now that the disputed verses come back to light as a portion of a long poem by Miss Sitwell, "The Sleeping Beauty" (Knopf, $1.75), I am surer than ever that the decision was sound. I could not for the life of me tell anyone the story of "The Sleeping Beauty." It might be about Jack-the-Giant-Killer for all I know, or about the afternoon of a faun. But it gives me pleasure which is real and continuous if not profound; to that extent it deserves praise. Its author is one of the few interesting radical poets in England today. As editor of the anthology "Wheels" she introduced Aldous Huxley and others to a reluctant public; and now that Mr. Huxley is mentioned it is worth remembering that Miss Sitwell in 1916 anticipated the title of his most important book with her poem "Antic Hay," inspired by a line of Marlowe's. In the pages of "Wheels" and elsewhere she spoke for a generation young yet very old, impudent yet very tired—a generation which hoped and still hopes to see the end of several great traditions in English poetry. In their hands, though not in others which by chance are better, the trunk of that poetry has rapidly rotted to a stump in mid-wood. "The Sleeping Beauty" is an uncertain day-dream wherein old men, dwarfs, Chinese ladies, a wrinkled gardener, and the shadow of Queen Anne move under ancient trees while sunshine speckles down on green gravel. All this—and more—to the accompaniment of strange music, the music of lines which now fly like splinters of light and now sleep beneath a coating of moss. But I cannot say in many cases what those lines mean, as a while back I could not say what was meant by the best lines in an equally beguiling volume by the present author's brother, Sacheverell Sitwell. There is still another Sitwell poet—Osbert, brother of these two; but he has made little of his work public since the first years after the war, when he promised to become a considerable satirist of the savage kind.

John Crowe Ransom is another poet who will present difficulties to such readers as want their message clear. His first volume, "Chills and Fever" (Knopf, $1.50), contains a number of pieces which connoisseurs already know from magazines, particularly from that extraordinary Southern magazine of verse, *The Fugitive*. Not a poem here, however, is in any easy sense charming, and not an idea is obvious. Mr. Ransom will be liked most by those who are appreciative in its proper place of nervous and surprising verse, who find virtue in a dancing line. He has been at pains to salt his rhymes and pepper his diction with fresh, realistic words; he has wrenched his cadences to fit his wayward thought; he has written with an original, an almost acid gayety. Thus, for instance, he begins an epitaph which is bound to be long remembered for its combination of irony and innocence.

> Here lies a lady of beauty and high degree.
> Of chills and fever she died, of fever and chills,
> The delight of her husband, her aunts, an infant of three,
> And of medicos marvelling sweetly on her ills.

MARK VAN DOREN

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Spiritual Adventures

The Little French Girl. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

ONE is at least free to suspect that the anglomania of Henry James may have been only a halfway house on the road to Gaul. For one so scornful as he of those who are merely *déraciné* a second transplating could hardly, of course, be risked, and so it was in England that he remained rooted; but he was not above a dignified tour and there must have been moments at least when he wondered if the voyage from London to Paris were not only another stage in that journey away from Puritanism and toward Grace one leg of which he had already made. It would have taken him at least another lifetime and many tortuous volumes to decide even in his own indefinite faint way upon the respective merits of the two civilizations, and in the end the puritan still in him might have rebelled against a paganism so thinly disguised as that of France—or the artist in his soul might have whispered that a way of life regulated so completely by standards exclusively aesthetic must miss the highest art in escaping so completely from the moral conflict. But be that as it may, he was at least still interested; though England was his home he wrote "The Ambassadors," and the question just where, if anywhere, Anglo-Saxon morality had a right of arbitration outside of and beyond the arbitration of taste remained for him, like all questions, undecided, and he never ceased to seek adventure in dim regions where he could balance the claims of the one against the claims of the other.

Miss Sedgwick is, of course, a disciple of James, and she is in addition the most able of them all. So firmly established, however, is her reputation that it would be less worth while to dwell upon the delicacy and keenness of her perceptions than to attempt to discriminate between her and her master; this was the purpose of the reflections above, since with them in mind the distinction is not difficult to make and consists in this, that whereas he had doubts she has none. In her last novel before this one an American girl was taken to England to be groomed into ladyhood and in the present work a jeune fille is snatched like a brand from the burning to be saved from the traditions of her country; but it is English society which stands as the absolute norm by which all other things are judged. The American may bring some crude ore worth the refining and the Frenchmen certain brilliants worthy of a better setting, but it is to England that such valuables must be brought if they are to exhibit their true worth. Upon this as upon other subjects Miss Sedgwick has come to a more clear-cut decision than the mind of her master was ever able to arrive at; the result is that her style can be less tortuously tentative than his—and that she can arrange confrontings of characters and situations in which the issues are more simply drawn. But the result is also that though she is one of the most interesting of contemporary novelists she is not quite so interesting as her master was. We feel as we never felt with James that she has no further real adventures in store for her in the field of international manners because her mind is too clearly made up.

By no means should the impression be given that her analysis is incomplete or unfair. On the contrary it is scrupulously complete. She can, for example, exhibit on the one hand that English absorption in "games" so distressing to the foreigner accustomed to regard them as the most important form of recreation and on the other hand that French habit of calm analysis so instinctive as to make even children seem surprisingly wise, at the same time that she can exhibit traits more flattering to the one or less admirable in the other. But her preferences are clear and, as one might easily suspect, it is the theory and practice of love which turns the balance. In a few pages of magnificent dialogue she confronts a romantic young Oxforder with a wise and weary savant who pleads like a master the Gallic views. To the one love is an exquisite art to be cultivated for the pleasures and pains which it alone can yield; to the other it is a half-exotic religion, exacting strange sacrifices and irrational forbearings. Nor is there for a moment a doubt that Miss Sedgwick prefers even the bungling performers of the religious ritual to the most exquisitely skilful practitioners of the art; and from that moment the problem is solved. Nothing remains but to save the poor little French girl from the traditions of her race.

The purpose of this brief criticism is far from being to say that Miss Sedgwick is wrong, to rebuke her for making a decision and then to make another. It is merely to point out that admirable as her work is it embodies a certain error of technique. In such a novel the source of greatest delight is in that sense which one always has in the case of James of adventuring with a sensitive soul and in balancing nuance against nuance without descending to the commonplace level of judgment. Every new observation is new evidence, swinging the scale now this way and now that but never definitely turning it to one side or the other before the end is reached. Yet Miss Sedgwick has not, to change the metaphor, kept her problem in solution. She has allowed it to crystalize too early into judgment and as soon as that has occurred the rest, however interesting, has lost one of the elements of its fascination. We have left only the story of the anglicization of a French girl—interesting enough as a story but no longer a spiritual adventure.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Value of a Survey

Greek Life and Thought: A Portrayal of Greek Civilization. By La Rue Van Hook. Columbia University Press. $4.

CAN the modern world know Greek culture without studying Greek? The rapid decline in the study of the Greek language has made this question insistent in the minds of teachers of the classics, and Professor Van Hook's book is the most successful of many recent attempts to solve it. His material is well selected, his style is lucid, his judgments in the main are sound and scholarly. He has, to be sure, most of the limitations of the academic habit of mind. He writes with more enthusiasm than imagination; he is unduly preoccupied with urging the claims of his subject upon the reader; he constantly draws "lessons" from ancient experience, careless of the changed conditions of modern life. He is, moreover, one of those humanists whom Horace M. Kallen aptly describes as "romanticists disturbed by their own times and fleeing for refuge to antiquity." His comments upon our "craze for novelty," our "love of variety and complexity, restlessness, and even exaggeration," our "jaded modern feeling" reveal this habit of mind, as does the spirit in which he approaches Greek culture, which is not that of the humanist who says "Nihil humanum a me alienum puto" but that of the seeker for an impossible Elysium, a world in which are found realized the "eternal canons of truth and beauty" by which all subsequent life and art are to be judged. Consequently the evils of Greek life are denied or minimized, and a perfection is unfolded which puts the reader in the mood of the Athenian citizen who voted for the ostracism of Aristides on the ground that he was tired of hearing him called "the just."

The habit of drawing lessons from ancient life is likely to prove equally repellent to the college student for whom the book is primarily written. Certainly the practice is a dangerous one in a world wherein history never repeats itself. A flagrant example of the fallacy which besets this procedure is Mr. Van Hook's remark that it is of "profound significance to the modern world" that the Greeks made no provision in their schools for vocational training—this with no mention of the bearing of slavery and other economic differences upon the practice of education.

Though the material of the book is admirably selected from the point of view of its intrinsic importance, such minor matters as dress, food, and burial customs being omitted in favor of fuller discussions of literature, philosophy, art, politics, and religion, still the ground covered is far too great to

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fulfil the author's purpose adequately. To a large extent the treatment is perforce reduced to a summary of information, and falls in line with that medieval overemphasis upon knowledge which is more deeply intrenched in the college curriculum than in any other part of our educational structure. There is slight value in telling the reader thus much and no more about Parmenides:

> Parmenides of Elea was a hearer of Xenophanes and of far greater originality as a thinker; he wrote a work on Nature, in hexameter verse, of which some lines are preserved. In this treatise he denied the possibility of change as expounded by his predecessors and maintained that Being alone exists. Whatever is, is, and cannot have arisen from nothing. Being is immovable, indivisible, continuous, and finite.

Or this about Isaeus:

> Isaeus specialized in the writing of speeches in will-cases and of these discourses eleven are extant.

The dry bones of fact regarding the Greeks contain little to nourish the spirit when stripped of the imaginative and emotional elements that are essential to Greek culture. Contrary as it is to the practice of American college education, there is something to be said for the view that a leisurely reading of one Greek play even in translation, supplemented by an imaginative interpretation of its relation to Greek life, or even a careful examination of a single Greek vase under competent guidance, would give the student more insight into the Greek spirit than a year spent upon a very excellent survey of Greek civilization.

CLARA M. SMERTENKO

The History of British Labor

An Outline of the British Labor Movement. By Paul Blanshard. George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

IN spite of the abundance of fugitive periodical literature on the British Labor movement there has hitherto been lacking any adequate summary of its history. This gap has now been filled by Mr. Blanshard's little volume, which supplies precisely the guide needed by any student who seeks a non-partisan and well-informed account of its achievements and aims. The writer, though evidently sympathetic, has wasted no space on glowing rhetoric, and has resisted all temptation to eulogistic comment. What he gives us is a compact and concise record in such a form as will make the book valuable for reference while none the less readable as a story.

Mr. Blanshard's detached position as an American observer enables him especially to note certain distinctive features of the movement which would have been likely to escape the eye of an English chronicler. His comparisons with the Labor movement in America are highly suggestive, and should be of interest to readers on both sides of the Atlantic. He reminds us, for example, that the English movement has the unity of race and geography. "Practically all the workers are British born and bred in Great Britain, with a common education and conception of life. . . . There is little opportunity for employers to play one national group against the other. There are no racial jealousies to divide the unions into quarreling factions." So, too, the smallness of Great Britain assists the unions. Employers cannot run away from them because there is no place to go, and the contagion of a strike or an organizing campaign may spread rapidly over the whole country. Mr. Blanshard emphasizes also the advantages possessed by British Labor in its practical exemption from attack by the legal weapons of injunctions and anti-boycott decisions and in its enjoyment of greater freedom of speech than is allowed in the United States.

In very few matters does Mr. Blanshard's estimate of the British Labor situation appear to call for revision. In his account of the political side of the movement he should have mentioned the recruits gained from that section of the Liberal Party which became unable to support it any longer after its abandonment of its old watchwords of "peace, retrenchment, and reform." When official Liberalism became Imperialist it took the wrong turning and compelled many of its most devoted followers to seek new party affiliations. In his chapter on the land problem, again, Mr. Blanshard seems to have missed the significance of the great change in the land-owning class that has come about in the last few years through the financial straits in which the territorial aristocracy has found itself and the consequent break-up of the big estates—a veritable agrarian revolution. When, too, Mr. Blanshard says that higher education in England has hitherto been "reserved for the upper classes" he repeats a popular delusion which would be dispelled by a census of the antecedents of the freshmen who have entered Oxford and Cambridge during the last fifty years. A few misspellings of proper names—such as "Kimmberly," "Myrther," and "Kier Hardie"—should be corrected in another edition.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

Spain's Chinese Revolution

Las Jornadas Triunfales de un Golpe de Estado. By Ramón Martínez de la Riva. Madrid-Barcelona: R. Molero.

IF the commander of the Western Division of the United States Army should telegraph around from San Francisco to his commanding colleagues elsewhere that the Coolidge administration at Washington had grown venal beyond endurance and oily beyond emulsion, and that he proposed to take the train to Washington and constitute himself chairman of a committee of major generals which would chase the politicians out of the capital and assume entire control of the executive end of the government; if President Coolidge, approving the general's modest plan, should at once wire to San Francisco that the arrangement met his heartiest approbation, and that he should be delighted to serve as dancing puppet president to the committee's piping if the generals should instal themselves comfortably at Washington, send Congress packing, discharge half the Supreme Court, declare the country under martial law, and proceed to announce a brand new public-school system, the abolition of trial by jury, the per cent of profit to be allowed provision dealers, and their choice for mayor of Indianapolis—the matter would no doubt cause considerable excitement, both in this country and elsewhere.

But General Primo de Rivera, Captain General of the Fourth Region, with headquarters at Barcelona, performed in Spain last September, *mutatis mutandis*, the exploits outlined above and others; and not only did the foreign press treat the incident with calm indifference, but Spain herself, accustomed of old to martial law and almost celestial in her skeptical equanimity in the face of governmental changes which dub themselves reforms, acquiesced without enthusiasm and went on about her business. Since America has heard so few details of General Primo de Rivera's really remarkable painless one-man revolution, a history of the movement's early stages fills a real want. Ramón Martínez de la Riva, a whole-souled admirer of the general, has made a volume out of little else than scraps of the dictator's magniloquent but vigorous pronouncements, plus fragments of newspaper comment, Spanish and foreign, with an occasional paragraph of naive comment which is, as often as not, miles ahead of his cited documents. Thus, beginning a chapter on Foreign Opinion with the assurance: " . . . the military movement has been viewed in foreign countries with unanimous satisfaction," he quotes "a great French daily" (not named) which, without a syllable of personal approval, remarks that "In the capitalistic centers and among business circles the coup d'etat has produced satisfaction" but notes that "The great mass of the population, as always, has given evidence of the most absolute indifference." The *Gaulois*, quoted next, is quite as non-committal, and the *Times*, mentioned as representative of the British press, cautiously opines that the well-known conservatism and common sense of the Spanish race will prevent the usurpation, concerning whose

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occasion and merits no opinion is expressed, from eventuating in bloodshed or disorder. The German papers are not quoted, but the admission is made that the socialist *Lokal Anzeiger* disapproves. We are informed that the American newspapers are "likewise favorable," but we are given no citations. And this is the entire chapter on the "unanimous satisfaction" of the foreign press.

We have the compiler's word and the general's, but not a trace of evidence, not a concrete fact or a figure, upon the purifying and regenerating effect of the coup. Yet we do have a readable account of the curious affair, enriched with photographs of all the important actors. ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

A Successor of Conrad?

Ordeal. By Dale Collins. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

JUST as word came of the death of Joseph Conrad, a first novel appeared by one who may prove to be his successor. "Ordeal," like almost any of Conrad's novels, shows men and women in the grip of implacable nature. The mid-Pacific is there, vast and impressive, with its burning trades and swift, fierce hurricanes, capricious and dwarfing to the human destinies that float across its surface. Its moods become natural agents in the progress of the tale. The tropic calm, the welcome rain, the storm which batters the fragile yacht and makes a derelict of her, all help to deliver the occupants of the Spray into Ted's cruel hands as the storm in "Victory" prevents Davidson from reaching the island of Samburan and precipitates the final catastrophe.

"Ordeal" tells how Ted the steward, by malign contrivance and with the aid of ocean calm and storm, achieved majesty on board a yacht. Ted was a "bully who had sulked through years of servitude and, whining bitterly the while, had ground hate to a razor-edge on the wheel of circumstance." In the perfection of his villainy he is reminiscent of Mr. Jones or of Ricardo.

To satisfy his lust for power he murdered the mate. He set passengers and crew against one another. His control of the Spray, complete in that moment of hurricane, stirred him at last to maniac delusions of grandeur like those which possessed Kurtz in "Heart of Darkness."

The situation is one that Conrad himself might have used. But the author of "Lord Jim" would have developed it from some romantic aspect, while Mr. Collins's treatment is cynical and realistic. He shows human nature reckless but unheroic in its moments of ordeal. The crude, primitive instincts—hunger, sex, self-preservation—are all that remain. So the wealthy passengers of the Spray are dazed and brutalized by the hardships through which they pass. Viola Thorpe, the exquisite, the magnetic, quarrels with her husband like any fish-wife, and Paul Thorpe, thinker and sensitive scholar, descends to beating his wife. Only old Lady Daley, sheltered behind the wall of deafness, maintains her balance, and by an act of glorified common sense accomplishes the downfall of the steward. For once danger is not alluring and peril does not elevate, and the passengers of the Spray are none the wiser for their experience. They have suffered no sea-change at the end of their six-weeks' struggle. Returned to his world, Thorpe and his friends accept the pink-and-gold comforts of the rescue-ship Ithalia as if there had never been a time when they longed for tobacco or prayed for an additional ration of water.

Though it lacks the grandeur of theme which one finds in the best of Conrad, there is sustained power in this harsh, straightforward narrative. It is told in cadenced phrases, with a wealth of shrewd imagery often as beautiful as Conrad's own. The shifting metaphors correspond to atmospheric changes and to the changing quality of human emotions. This habit of symbolism has certainly been derived from the elder writer. The marks of his master's hands are plain on Mr. Collins. ROSE LEE

Human Conduct

Pleasure and Behavior. By F. L. Wells. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

MR. WELLS has written a book that few can read to the end. All humanity is interested in his question: Is there such a thing as "pleasure"—something which can serve as a stimulus for adjustment? Is it something that we can strive for and attain, as we can technique in painting or in music or as we can material wealth? Or is "pleasure" merely a word carried along as a term mystical philosophers like to play with?

Unfortunately, with Mr. Wells the latter is the case. "Pleasure" with him seems to be an essence of some kind—a mental existence. It seems there can be both physical and mental pleasure. When we inquire searchingly into them we are virtually sent to school again to read introspective psychology.

"The chief pleasures arise from the operation of the major instincts. Such instincts serve a special end or goal and primarily meet a bodily need." Apparently the past ten-year onslaught on the concept of instincts at the hands of psychologists has passed lightly over Mr. Wells's head. It is evident that he still prefers teleology to modern science.

One must accuse Mr. Wells of being unsystematic and almost trite. At the end of each chapter, as at the end of the book, we hear ourselves saying almost aloud: Shall we never have a book on human conduct freed from scholasticism and mid-Victorianism—one based wholly upon facts gleaned from watching people live? JOHN B. WATSON

Music and Musicians

The New Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians. Edited by Waldo Selden Pratt. The Macmillan Company. $6.

THERE has long been a need for an abridged and up-to-date encyclopedia of music and musicians, one more international in tendency than that of the anglicized Grove's. Waldo Selden Pratt's work is an attempt to meet this need. Its stated aim is to combine in one volume of about a thousand pages "the essential values of the several lines of dictionary-making in the musical field." The material has been condensed and headed under three divisions, each division having its own alphabet and followed by its own appendix. According to the design outlined in the preface, the first division gives "the form and terms of musical art," with a survey of the bibliography relating to them. The second division gives biographical and statistical facts of "some 7,500 musicians who have been active during the last two hundred years, with a classified summary of the work of about 1,000 others before the year 1700. And the third division gives the principal musical organizations and institutions throughout the musical world, with a chronological list of operas and oratorios produced since 1900.

The material easily falls into the divisions outlined, and is fairly comprehensive, except in the Americana. Why, for intance, should Lambert Murphy, Florence Macbeth, Kathleen Howard, and Lila Robeson be mentioned and such equally prominent singers as Sophie Braslau, Jeanne Gordon, Mabel Garrison, Lucy Gates, Orville Harrold, Edward Johnson, and others be omitted? Why a paragraph given to Maud Powell and only a few lines to Leonora Jackson, who had an even more brilliant career and was probably the greatest violinist we ever produced? Indeed, the biographical section as a whole is exceedingly weakened by the editors' policy of trying to characterize and estimate their subjects. With the Russians, for example, Moussorgsky and Scriabin are listed as "eminent," Gretchaninoff "important," Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakoff "distinguished," Prokofieff "ultra-modern," and Stravinsky "eccentric." In Central Europe, Schönberg is merely "eccentric," while Schreker is "eminent"; and the two finest English composers, Holst and

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Bax, are introduced without any adjectives at all, though Vaughan Williams is "eminent" and Arthur Hinton "important." Or again, Offenbach and Sousa are "famous," while Richard and Johann Strauss, Schumann and Debussy are only "distinguished." Our own John Alden Carpenter is merely headed as "merchant and composer." Occasionally these biased headings stray into biased criticism, which seems strangely out of place in a volume that should adhere solely to impersonal facts. Moreover, such criticism may seem exceedingly absurd five or ten years from now when what appears "eccentric," "futuristic," and "important" to the editors today may appear very old-fashioned indeed to the world then. Nor will the "New" of the title be particularly appropriate, unless the editors contemplate a revision and addition every few years. The illustrations of instruments and musicians scattered throughout the volume seem to have been selected in a somewhat haphazard way, and might well have been omitted. But as the ideal encyclopedia has yet to make its appearance, one must, perforce, recommend this one in the meantime, for it is the best one of its kind that has come our way. HENRIETTA STRAUS

Books in Brief

The Authors' Thames. By Gordon S. Maxwell. Brentano's. $4.50.

The Thames, in John Burns's famous phrase, is "liquid history," and much of that history is literary as well as political. Mr. Maxwell has provided us here with a thesaurus of the river's literary associations from Julius Caesar to Jerome —the English Jerome. He not only records its connection with the lives of distinguished English writers who have made their homes in the Thames Valley but transcribes the numerous allusions to it in literature of every variety. He recalls even such incidents as Becky Sharp's throwing Johnson's Dictionary out of the window of the coach when she left Miss Pinkerton's Academy on Chiswick Mall. The book covers only the stretches of the river between Putney and Windsor, but Mr. Maxwell takes into account its tributaries also, and is thus able to bring in Box Hill and George Meredith. The compilation is a useful one, and the wonder is that no one has undertaken the task before.

Poe—Man, Poet, and Creative Thinker. By Sherwin Cody. Boni and Liveright. $2.

Mr. Cody's book is less important than its title would seem to indicate; one expects a study and gets an anthology. There are a brief biographical introduction and short prefatory comments to the different groups of selections, but more than three-fourths of the book is Poe's own, and Mr. Cody, very much of an enthusiast, does not illuminate greatly. Poe's personality, now overlaid with the successive coats of lamp-black and whitewash applied by his various biographers, is not made clearer and the relation between that character and his works is nowhere satisfactorily explained. The forces that wrecked his life also were responsible for his works, but that fact few of his critics have attempted to explain or even been willing to admit.

Footlights and Spotlights. By Otis Skinner. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.

Among other things, an "old-school" actor is one of those who in boyhood were somewhat incongruously inspired by love of Shakespeare to go out and act Uncle Tom or something worse upon the contemporary stage. By this definition or any other one Mr. Skinner belongs to the old school. His father, a Universalist minister, knew Barnum, who was a Universalist because that was the only Christian sect which "believed in success," and, armed with an introduction from Barnum, Skinner set out upon his adventures. Looking back over the years he has many anecdotes to tell of barn-stormers and stars and many amusing adventures to relate. He writes not only with considerable charm but with a genuine modesty as well; his book is as amusing a volume of theatrical memoirs as has been seen in some time.

Gossip of the 17th and 18th Centuries. By John Beresford. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75.

A group of essays describing persons and incidents thoroughly characteristic of their time. The two papers which are based upon unpublished material are trivial, but in the best, January 30, 1649 (the execution of Charles I) and Anne Hyde, the author utilizes familiar contemporary and modern sources to sketch a story and evoke an atmosphere.

Drama

Melodrama and Aspirations

"IDEAS" are common enough in current plays. The reigning mode is inclined to favor them and if the playright, as is probable enough, does not happen to possess any of his own they can be borrowed as easily as any other theatrical material. Ideas, however, even stolen ones, unfortunately require to be at least assimilated if anything is to be made of them, and since the typical playwright really regards them as unnecessary nuisances brought into favor by tiresome aliens they tend, in his hands, to become only excrescences upon his native melodrama or his homely sentiment, and they resolutely refuse to grow into plays in their own right. The result is an effect not unlike that produced by the formula of the more pretentious movies: a symbolical title, a few highbrow inserts, and an abundance of the train wrecks and fist fights which constitute the reality of the piece. Theoretically the play has an idea, actually it possesses little more than a few pretentious labels.

Without any unfairness, "The Great Music" at the Earl Carroll Theater may be taken as a typical example of the thing under discussion. Martin Brown, the author, is an extremely capable writer of colorful melodrama, but he has no real passion for thought. He has merely been moved, like so many contemporary writers, by a vague feeling that he should deal somehow with great things, and accordingly he has borrowed, probably from "The Moon and Sixpence," a highly dramatic idea without having any great interest in it for its own sake or any real capacity for developing what he has appropriated. He starts out bravely with a young composer who decides, for the sake of the development of his genius, to break his word to his father and elope to Paris with a married woman who preaches the Gauguin morality and promises to aid him in the development of his talent. For a brief moment in the second act the author comes to grips with the intellectual and moral aspects of his theme and trembles for a time upon the edge of the genuine drama of ideas when he shows the hero realizing for the first time that his mistress has aided him, not because she really sets great store by his music, but because, like his parents, she was willing to use any means to hold him for herself. This scene is even well written, but it completely exhausts both the mind and the patience of the author so that he calls a quick curtain to his rescue and then plunges into a series of melodramatic events which, however interesting they may be in themselves, have nothing whatever to do with the problem in hand. Doubtless the scene in the harlot's quarter of Port Said, in which the drugged hero drags himself from a chair and fires a deadly bullet into the belly of a ruffian just about to commit a rape upon the sentimental prostitute, will send a shiver down the most blasé spine; doubtless also the closing act, which introduces the inevitable dark-skinned vamp of the Marquesas, has also its elements of simple appeal. But neither the one nor the other grows out of the supposed theme of the play or illuminates it in any way.

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Budding though thwarted geniuses happen at the present moment to be extremely popular, and the introduction of one of them into a play is a sign that the author is taking himself seriously, but let us, for the purpose of experiment, remove him from "The Great Music" and substitute a more conventional figure—the disappointed lover who can go down hill for well-established reasons and who is quite untroubled by any of the newer ideas. Not one-fifth of all the present play would require any alteration to fit the changed state of affairs and not a single major event would need to be modified. In other words, "The Great Music" is merely imitation goods.

To such shoddy the work of Mr. Arthur Richman furnishes the best possible contrast. There is nothing brilliant about his conceptions and his moral ideas appear to be of the simplest, but they are nevertheless genuine and his real passion is for them; so that "The Far Cry" (Cort Theater), like his "Ambush," is the genuine working out of a simple idea instead of the bungling of a great or complicated one. Its conflict is again the conflict, this time happily terminated, between a good father and a frivolous daughter, but the sincerity and passion of the author freshen it, and Miss Margalo Gilmore gives an excellent performance in the role of the erring daughter.

Altogether "The Far Cry" is the play of the week most worth seeing, although the exquisitely beautiful setting which Mr. Lee Simonson has provided for the second scene of "Bewitched" (National Theater) is sufficient in itself to justify a visit to that entertaining play. "The Awful Mrs. Eaton" (Morosco Theater) is a play about Andrew Jackson. It will hardly entertain any save those naive enough to feel a patriotic warmth about the heart when the butler gives us stentorian assurance that the fat man in a brown suit is Daniel Webster or that the young lady in a white wig is to be considered, for dramatic purposes, Dolly Madison. Costumes and names are the play's sole assets.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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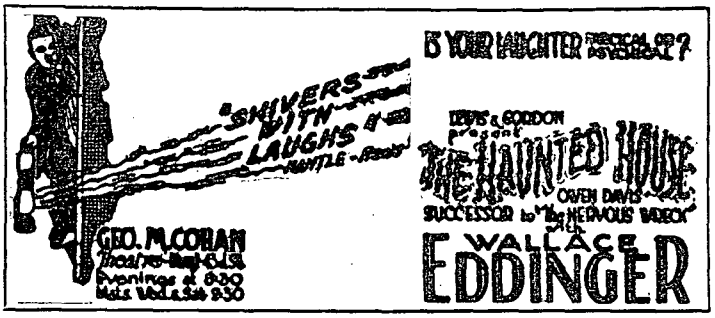

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International Relations Section

General Hertzog's Policy

An Interview

By M. B. D.

ON August 4, at the request of *The Nation*, I interviewed the new Premier of South Africa in his office in the House of Assembly. General Hertzog was to leave for up-country on the following morning, not to return until the next session of the Union Parliament, which should open in February of 1925. I was sensible of his courtesy, very characteristic of the man, in making time for this interview on a day of such manifold businesses. The General, however, had not forgotten his meeting with the staff of *The Nation* on his visit to America, some years ago. He gave me a clear half hour of his precious afternoon, answering in careful, deliberate, unhesitating English sentences the questions I put to him. These, with the reply to each in his own words, follow:

QUESTION 1. What were the reasons which called the Nationalist Party into existence?

GENERAL HERTZOG. The Nationalist Party, which started in 1913, is due mainly to the fact that the old South African Party had become too much of a capitalist party influenced by the leaders of the mining industry, whose policy had been and was at the time calculated more to advance outside interests than those of the people in South Africa.

QUESTION 2. What is the basic difference today between the Nationalists and the South African Party?

GENERAL HERTZOG. The basic difference today is largely the same as in 1913, with an additional difference in their industrial policy—the South African Party being mainly representative of free-trade principles, whereas the Nationalists are unanimously in favor of protection and the fostering of South African industries.

QUESTION 3. Can English South Africans honestly join the Nationalists?

GENERAL HERTZOG. There is no reason whatsoever why Englishmen should not be as good Nationalists as any of the Dutch-speaking (South Africans). True, so far, the ranks of the Nationalists have been filled almost exclusively by the Dutch-speaking, but that is not due to anything inherent in the politics or the policy of the party. It is rather the result of past history. No doubt a great many of the English-speaking would have been members of the Nationalist Party were it not that the Nationalist Party has been held out by their opponents as being at the same time a republican party. This is only true in so far as the great majority of the members of the party do hold that the republican form of government would be the best for South Africa. This is, however, not a principle for which the Nationalist Party as a party stands.

QUESTION 4. What is your attitude toward other nations?

GENERAL HERTZOG. Our attitude is one of good-will and friendship to all nations; we have no aggressive imperialistic inclinations.

QUESTION 5. What are your relations with the Labor Party?

GENERAL HERTZOG. Our relations with the Labor Party have always been of the most friendly and sympathetic nature, holding as we do that one of the essential requisites for a country's welfare is the welfare and prosperity of its laboring classes.

QUESTION 6. What is your attitude toward the natives?

GENERAL HERTZOG. Of the native the party holds that he is a child, requiring all the care, but also the discipline, necessary for the child's welfare. We are convinced that the giving of the franchise to the native is neither to the advantage of the white man nor of the native himself. In order to advance his well-being it will be necessary for many years to come to follow a policy of differentiation as ever against the European (i. e., the white man) both politically and industrially; whereas social equality cannot be thought of.

QUESTION 7. What is your attitude toward woman suffrage?

GENERAL HERTZOG. The Nationalist Party has no objection as a party to woman suffrage, but it is not a question upon which the party has thought necessary to declare itself either way.

Savinkov's Story

THE sensational confession of the famous revolutionist and counter-revolutionist, Boris Savinkov, was referred to in press dispatches at the time of his trial. The actual text of his story, however, has not been printed at any length in American newspapers. The following summary of the confession by a correspondent of the *International Press Correspondence* appeared in its issue of September 11:

Shortly before the sixth anniversary of the attempt upon the life of Comrade Lenin, there stood as an accused before the military court of the Highest Court of Justice of the Soviet Union one of the originators of this attempt, one of the most desperate, active, and clever enemies of the Russian workers' and peasants' revolution, the former revolutionary and terrorist Boris Savinkov. His speech of defense occupied two whole days and in the mouth of Savinkov became a powerful, bitter, and annihilating indictment against himself, against the whole of European imperialism with all its Curzons and Poincarés, with all its MacDonalds and Masaryks. . . .

Those who are familiar with the life of Boris Savinkov will hardly be of the opinion that he abandoned his six years' fight against the revolution and compromised his former protectors and confederates in a most definite manner out of cowardice or from fear of the death sentence. Boris Savinkov was one of the most courageous revolutionaries during the time of the Czar and one of the boldest counter-revolutionaries in recent years, who very often risked his life. When he broke down and declared before the Revolutionary Court of Justice that he recognizes no other power in Russia but the Soviet power, it amounted to nothing less than the de jure recognition of the October Revolution on the part of the whole Russian counter-revolution. . . .

WHY SAVINKOV BECAME A COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY?

Some days before the court proceedings, Savinkov submitted a written confession in which he sought to state the reasons why he, the former revolutionary who participated in the murder of the Czarist Minister Plehve and of the Grand Duke Sergei Alexandrovitch and who, as he said, had sacrified his whole life for the people, had fought with weapons in his hands against the Russian workers and peasants. He put forward four reasons:

> Firstly . . . I was a Social Revolutionary, consequently I was compelled to defend the Constituent Assembly; secondly, I believed that the prematurely concluded peace was fatal for Russia; thirdly, I believed that if we Democrats did not fight against the Communists, the Monarchists would capture power, and fourthly, we could not in the year 1917 foresee that the Russian workers and peasants would stand in masses behind the Communist Party.

These are the reasons which Savinkov puts forward. These reasons, however, Savinkov declared, have ceased to be valid.

> The Constituent Assembly has proved to be a mere fiction. The Communists have completely annihilated the

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Monarchists and rendered impossible a restoration, finally, and this was the most important, the Communist Party of Russia was supported by the workers and peasants of Russia, that is, by the Russian people . . . I have the courage to declare openly that my tenacious, prolonged fight, my life and death struggle with every means against you has been futile. This fact shows that *the Russian people stands not behind us but behind the Russian Communist Party* . . . I did not know that in the year 1924 the Communist Youth League would have one million members.

Savinkov begins his actual confession in the proceedings by describing how immediately after the outbreak of the October Revolution he began his counter-revolutionary activity. When he learned that generals Kaledin and Kornilov were attempting to organize a voluntary army against the Bolsheviki, he immediately joined them. The conditions in this army brought him his first disappointment.

I had the impression that nobody thought of the fatherland, that everyone was concerned with his own petty interests . . . I said that it was perfectly impossible to fight against you unless we had the support of the peasantry and unless we defended the interests of the peasants. To this Bogayevski answered: *"No, the day of Democracy is past; we rely upon the bourgeoisie and the Cossacks."*

In spite of this Savinkov and the other "Democrats" fought on the side of these generals. He was, however, not satisfied with the whole thing as it was, and seized the initiative himself. He formed the notorious "Union for the Defense of the Fatherland and Liberty." This also he intended should have a democratic form, but it turned out otherwise. The Union in its program adopted the standpoint of dictatorship.

THE PRESIDENT: Whose dictatorship?

SAVINKOV: That is not stated in the program. (Laughter.)

And then Savinkov related further how the Democrats, "the protectors of the people," fought in the name of democracy against the dictatorship of the proletariat in order to set up the dictatorship of the Monarchists. Savinkov, as an experienced revolutionary, began to create an illegal officers' organization on the lines of the old romantic pattern of the Social Revolutionaries.

THE PLOT AGAINST LENIN AND TROTZKY

Regarding his connection with the attempted assassination in the year 1918, Savinkov declared as follows:

I always held the view that if I was conducting a war, I must make use of every means. We desired before all an armed revolt, but we did not abandon terrorist acts. In 1918 we planned an attempt against Lenin and Trotzky, but very little came of it. Not because we did not desire it, but because we were not able to do it.

Savinkov described in detail the role of the French ambassador Noulens in the counter-revolutionary rising in Jaroslav and Rybinsk. The French financed the movement. They demanded, however, deeds in return for their money. Noulens ordered Savinkov to begin the revolt in Jaroslav or Rybinsk at the beginning of July, 1918, and promised effective support in the form of landing French troops. The revolt was commenced. The support, however, was not forthcoming.

THE PRESIDENT: Did the left Social Revolutionaries also take part in the negotiations with the French?

SAVINKOV: I was not in touch with the left Social Revolutionaries, but I know from French sources that they also received support from the French. . . .

MASARYK AND THE TERROR

THE PRESIDENT: From what source did you derive your money at this time and what was the amount?

SAVINKOV: I remember at the time I was in the greatest desperation, as I did not know where we could obtain money, when, without any solicitation from me, we were approached by certain Czechs, who handed me over a sum of 200,000 Kerensky rubles. This money saved our organization at that time . . .

THE PRESIDENT: Who was it who gave this money to you?

SAVINKOV: Klepando.

THE PRESIDENT: In whose name?

SAVINKOV: In the name of Masaryk.

THE PRESIDENT: Did you know under what conditions the Czechs paid over this money?

SAVINKOV: They declared as follows: They desired that this money should be employed for terrorist fighting purposes. They knew—I did not conceal the fact—that I recognized terror as a means of struggle, they knew that and gave us money, emphasizing that it should be chiefly used for terrorist purposes . . .

"THE CUP OF DEGRADATION"

The Russian patriots . . . could not help noticing very soon that the sublime friendship of the Allies was not for the sake of them personally but for the Russian petroleum wells and other mineral riches.

No matter how much I endeavored to obtain our admission to the discussion of the Treaty of Versailles, we Russians were not allowed to cross the threshold . . . We did not know what was being decided there, and what they thought. We were not invited to any conference, not even with advisory votes. It became obvious that they drove us on to fight at every opportunity, but did not want to help us. In fact, they gave considerable help to Denikin, but we had to drain the cup of degradation. . . . We had to beg for every pair of boots.

Savinkov succeeded in obtaining a certain measure of support from England. To the question of the president under what conditions he suceeded in getting this, Savinkov repli

There were no actual conditions, but the English attempted to have their policy carried out. They spoke to me very persistently about its being desirable to set up an independent South-Eastern Federation consisting of Northern and Transcaucasia. They said this Federation would only be the beginning, as Azerbeidjan and Georgia would be joined to it later on. *Here one smelt naphta* . . .

Churchill once showed me the map of South Russia, in which the positions of Denikin's and your army were indicated with little flags. I still remember how shocked I was when I went to him and he, pointing to the Denikin flags, said suddenly: "This here is my army."

THE PRESIDENT: Did you make any reply to this?

SAVINKOV: I did not reply, but stood as if rooted to the spot. I was going to leave the room, but then I thought if I made a scandal here and shut the door on myself, our soldiers in Russia would be left without boots.

THE PRESIDENT: It is not clear from your statement for what purpose the English and French supplied you with these boots, shells, machine guns, etc.

SAVINKOV: Officially, they had very noble aims. We were faithful allies, you were traitors, etc. In the background there was the following: as a minimum: well, naphta is a very desirable thing. As a maximum: let the Russians squabble among themselves, the fewer there are left living the better, Russia will be all the weaker. . . .

THE "CHIEF ERROR"

The President again asked Savinkov what had prompted him to submit to such humiliations as, for instance, the conversation with Churchill.

SAVINKOV: When Churchill said to me, "That is my army," I turned icy cold. Yes, I had committed a great error, but my errors are only the consequence of my *chief error, namely, that I turned against you in October.* After the October upheaval I thought: The Bolsheviki are usurpers, they have not the people behind them. There, there reigns dissolution, murder, chaos—here, with the Whites, will be order, discipline, and idealism, here there will be no murder. And all this has proved totally false. And with horror I became more and more convinced *that they thought not of the fatherland, not of the people, but only of their own class interests.* A deeper disappointment

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was brought to me by the realization that a white movement was impossible without foreign aid. . . . I went through everything, I saw everything in this white movement and learned to hate it.

Savinkov forsook the white movement and began to organize the "green" peasant movement. He attempted to incite great peasant revolts, but here again he met with "disappointment"; his peasant movement degenerated into a band of brigands.

At the conclusion of his confession Savinkov summed up the results of his life and his struggle against the workers and peasants. He made use of all the arts of style of his poetic talents in order, apparently, not to convince the judges, but himself, that he was not a criminal, that even when he conducted a life and death struggle against the Russian workers and peasants he was convinced that he was fighting for the "people." This had involved a severe inner struggle. He quite broke down when he spoke of his revolutionary past:

> I remember one summer morning. Petrograd. Ismainovski Prospect. . . . Upon the pavement there lies Sasanov, stretched out, wounded, his blood spurts out, and I stand beside him. Close by there stands the shattered coach of Plehve. A policeman approaches me excitedly, the revolver is in my hand. . . . I remember also the fortress of Sevastopol. Iron bars as now. The sentinel goes to and fro before my door. Death penalty as today. I remember all this. How happy I was at that time when I sat in the cell. How proudly my heart beat. I knew that the whole Russian people, all workers and peasants were with me and that there was not a single person in the whole of Russia who would not think of me when I died. And I stood with joy and pride before my judges. They did not hang me; I escaped. Now it is otherwise. Now I am overpowered by a deep gloomy feeling. I ask myself whether the Russian workers, whether the Russian peasants will understand my life, whether they will believe that I did not sin against them consciously but only from error. It is hard to die with this feeling. . . .
>
> After a hard, long, and bloody struggle against you, in which perhaps I have done much more than many others, I declare without any compulsion to do so that I unconditionally recognize the Soviet power and only the Soviet power. And I call upon every Russian who loves his fatherland, I who carried on this bloody and hard struggle against you, I who repudiated you as no other: If you are a Russian, if you love your people, then submit to the workers' and peasants' power and recognize it unconditionally.

Contributors to This Issue

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD is traveling through the Middle West speaking for La Follette.

SINCLAIR LEWIS, who writes of political conditions in Gopher Prairie and Zenith for *The Nation*, sailed for Europe on October 8.

PAUL HARWOOD MILLAR is an analyst in the State Seed Laboratory at Fayetteville, Arkansas.

PAUL Y. ANDERSON is on the staff of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

CLARA M. SMERTENKO is professor of English at Skidmore College.

HERBERT W. HORWILL is a British journalist who frequently contributes to *The Nation*.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE is head of the Modern Language Department at the University of Oklahoma.

JOHN B. WATSON is lecturer in psychology at the New School for Social Research.

HENRIETTA STRAUS is *The Nation's* music correspondent abroad.

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